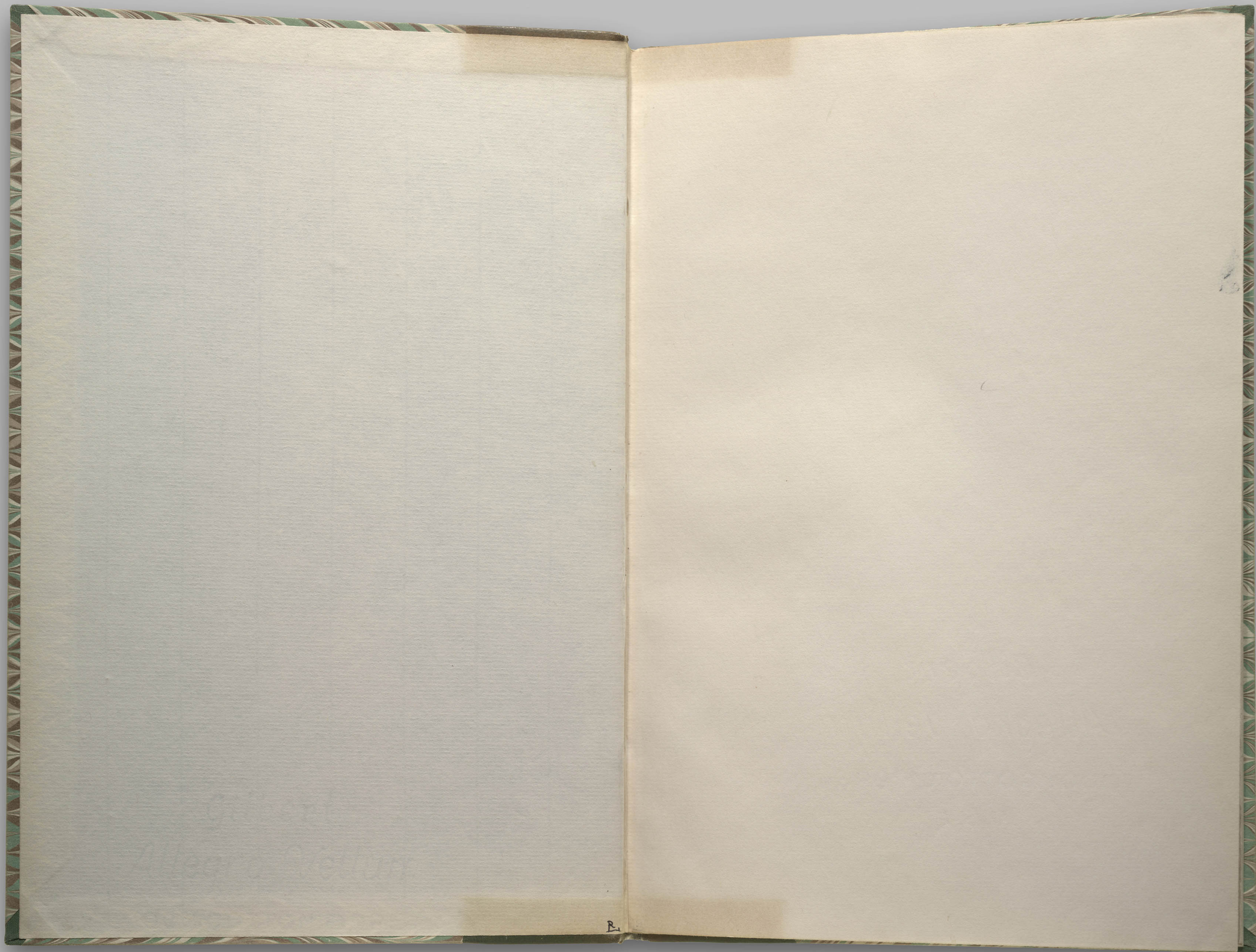
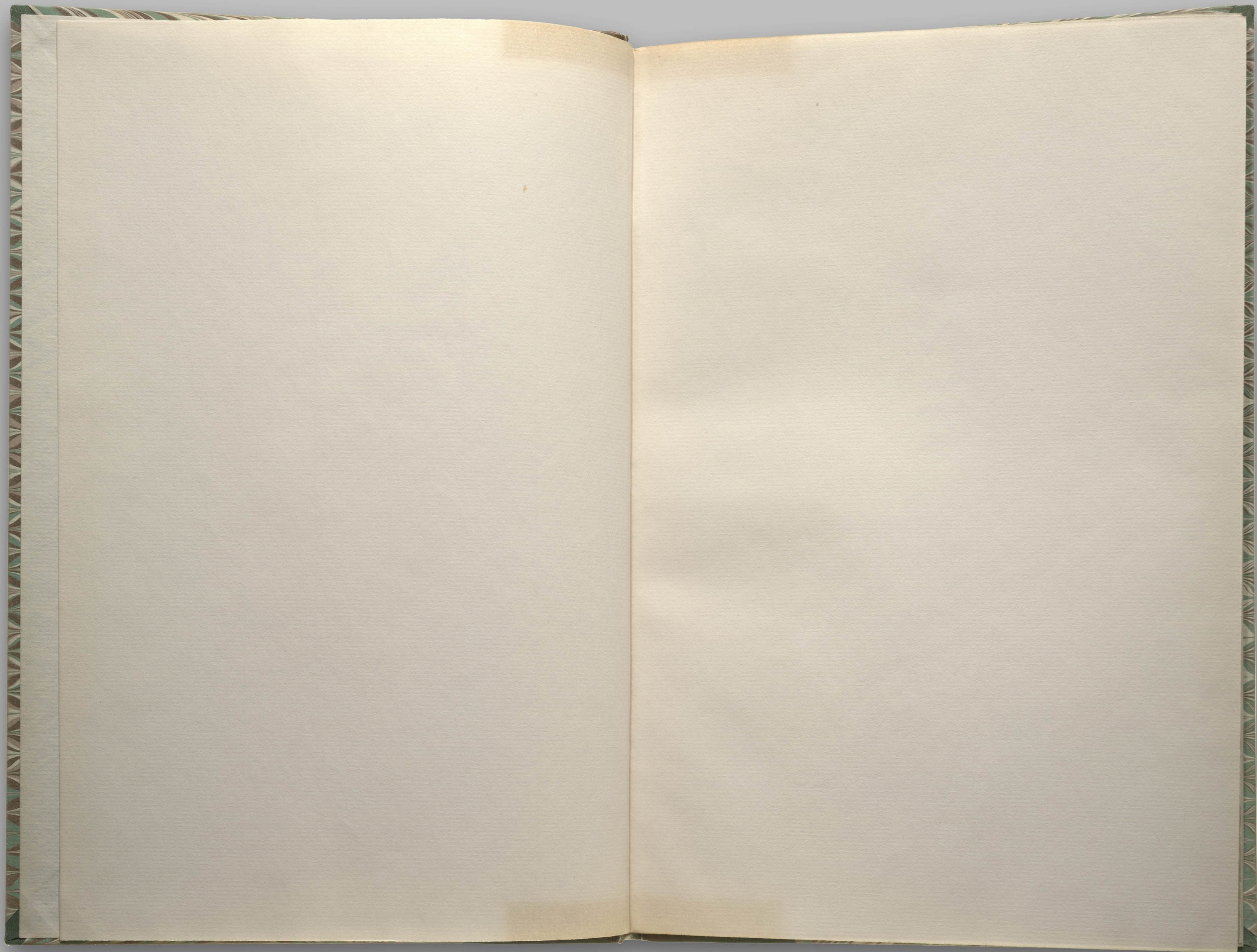


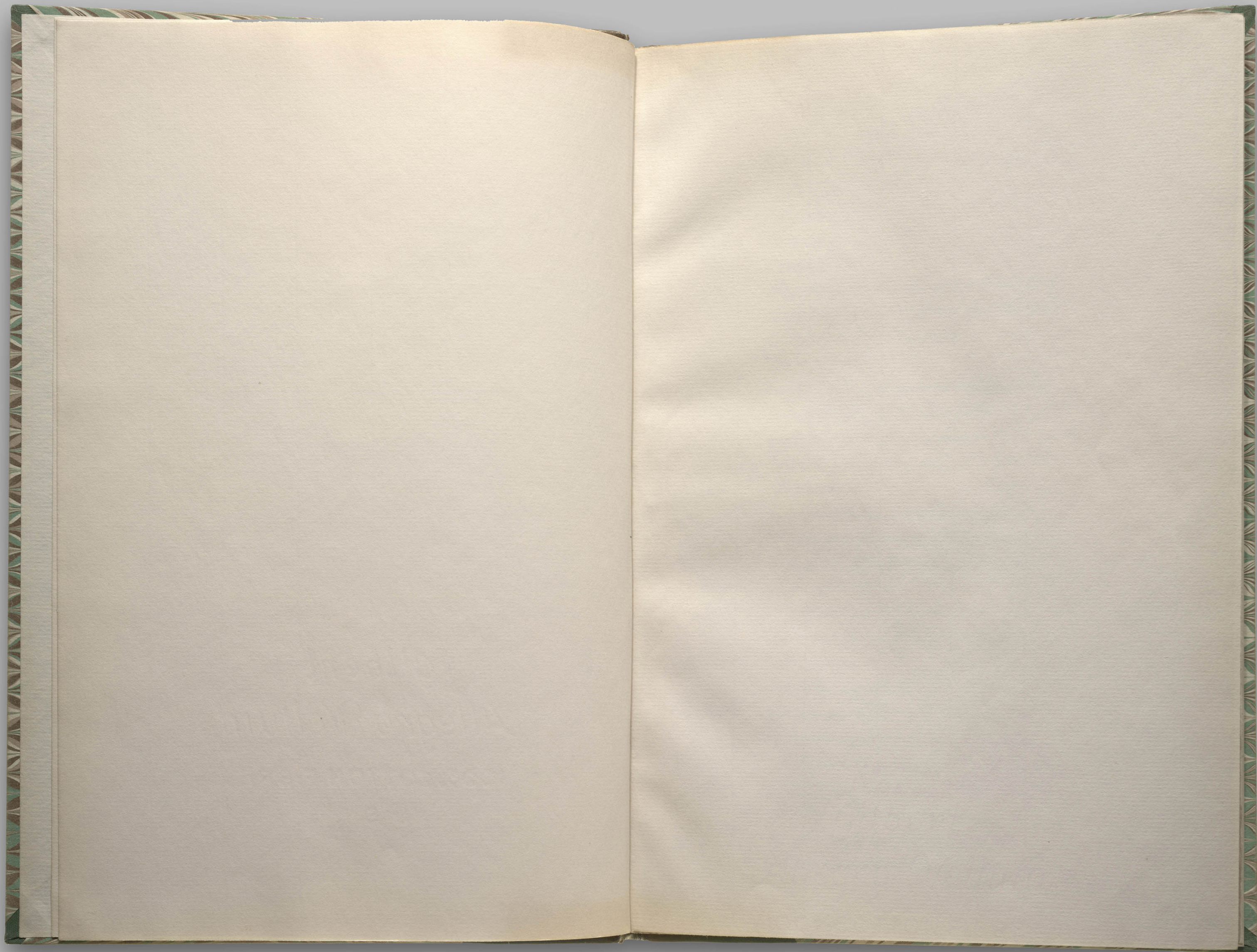


LAMBARDE

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER — THE WOMAN'S PRIZE







This is a transcript of Beaumont & Fletcher's Comedy entitled
The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd. — Vol. 5

ACT V PRIMA

Scena ij.^{ma}

Enter Morofo, Sophocles, Tranio, as from a
wedding.

Morofo Heaven give em joy.

Tran: Amen.

Sopho. Amen say I too.

The puddings now it's proove, alas poore wench
through what a myne of patience must thou worke
ere thou knowst good houre more.

Tran: 'Tis too true, certaine,
me thinks her father has dealt hardly with her,
exceeding harshly, and not like a father,
to match her to this dragon, I protest
I pitty the poore gentlewoman.

Moro. He thincks now
hee's not so terrible as people thinck him.

Sopho. This old theefe flatters out of meere deuotion
to please the father for his second daughter.

Tran: But shall he haue her.

Soph. Yes, when I haue Rome,
and yet the father's for him.

Moro. He assure ye
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes sure a wealthie,
but whether a good womans man is doubtfull.

Tran: Would 'twere no worse.

Moro. What though his other wife,
out of her most abundant stubbornes,
out of her dayly hue and cries vpon him,
(for sure she was a rebell) turn'd his temper,

¶ forc'd him blow as high as she, dost fellow
he must retaine that long since buried tempest
to this soft maide.

Sop. I feare it.

Tra. So doe I too,
and so far that if heauen had made me a woman,
¶ his wife that must be.

Mor. What would you do Sir,

Tra. I would learne to eate coales with an angric cat,
and spit fire at him, I would (to preuent him)
doe all the ramping roaring tricks, a whore
being drunke, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at
there is no safety els, nor morall wisdom
to be a wife and his.

Sop. So I should thinck too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell ye on my knowledge, and a truth too)
will make him start in's sleepe, and very often
cry out for cudgels, colstaues, anie thing,
hiding his breeches, out of feare, her ghost
should walke, and weare em yet, since his first mariage
he is no more the still Petruchio

Sop. then I am Babilon
Hee's a good fellow
and by my troth I loue him, but to thincke
a fit match for his tender soule,

Tra. His very frowne, if she but say her prayers
lowder then men talke treason, makes him tinder,
the motion of a diall, when hee's testy
is the same trouble to him as a water worke,
She must doe nothing of her selfe, not eate,

Sleepe

Sleepe; say, Sir how doe yee, make her ready, pisse,
vnlesse he bid her.

Sop. He will bury her,
ten pounds to twenty shillings, within this three weekes.

Tra. Ile be your halfe. — Enter Iaques

Mor. He loues her most extreamely,
and so long 't will be hony moone, now Iaques
you are a busie man I am sure.

Iaq. Yes certaine
this old sport must haue eggs.

Sop. Not yet this ten dayes.

Iaq. Sweet gentlemen, with muskadell,

Tra. That's right Sir.

Mor. This fellow broodes his Master: speed ye Iaques.

Sop. Wee shall be for you presently.

Iaq. Your worships
Shall haue it rich and neate, and o' my conscience
as welcome as our lady day, a' my old sir,
when shall wee see your worship run at ring,
that houre at standing were worth money

Mor. Soe, Sir,

Iaq. Vpon my little honesty, your Mistris
if I haue anie speculation, must thinck
this single thrumming of a fiddle
without a bow, but ev'n poore sport.

Moro. Y'ar mery.

Iaq. Would I were wise too, so heauen blesse yd. worships. Exit.

Tra. The fellow tels you trues.

Sop. When is the day man?

come, come, you'd steal a mariage,

Moro. Nay, beleue me,

but

but when her father pleases, I am ready,
and all my freinds shall know it.

Tra. Why not now,
one charge had serv'd for both?

Mor. Ther's reason in't.

Sop. Call'd Rowland.

Mor. Will you walke?

They'l thinck we are lost, come gentlemen.

Tra. You have impt him.

Sop. So will he nev'r the wench I hope.

Tra. I wish it.

Exeunt.

Actus ^{mus} Scena ^{da} ij.

Enter Rowland & Livia

Row. Nay Livia, if youle go away to night
if your affections be not made of words,

Livia. I love you, and you know how dearly Rowland,
is there none neere vs? my affections ever
have been your servants, with what superstition
I have ever sainted you.

Row. Why then take this way?

Liv. 'Twill be a childish and lesse prosperous course
then this that knowes not care, why should we doe
our honest and our hartie loves such wrong
to over run our fortunes?

Row. When you flatter.

Liv. Alas, you know I can not.

Row. What hope's left els
but flying to enjoy ye?

Liv. None so far.
for lett it be admitted, we have time

Es

Es all things now in other expectation,
my father's bent against vs, what but ruine
can such a by waye bring vs? if your feares
would lett you looke with my eyes, I would show you
and certaine, how our staying here would winne vs
a course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Row. & then Moroso has yee,

Livia. No such matter

for hold this certaine, begging, stealing, whoring,
selling (which is a sinne unpardonable)
of counterfeit cods, or musty English Crocus,
switches, or stones for th' tooth ach sooner finds me
then that drawne fox Moroso.

Row. But his monie
if wealth may win you.

Liv. If a hog may be
high Priest amonge the Jewes; his monie Rowland?
oh love forgive me! what a faith hast thou?
why can his monie kisse me?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Behind
layd out upon a petticoate, or graspe me
while I cry o good thanke you, o my troth,
thou makest me merie with thy feare, or lye with me
as you may doe? alas what fooles you men are?
his moldy monie? halfe a dozen riders
that cannot sit, but stamp fast to their saddles?
no Rowland, no man shall make use of me,
my beauty was borne free, and free. He give it
to him that loves, not buyes me, you yet doubt me.

Row. I cannot say I doubt ye

Livia

Luia: For thy wayes.
thou art the prettiest puling peece of passion,
Indeed I will not fayle thee.

Row: I had rather,

Luia: Prethee beleue me, if I doe not cary it
for both our goods—

Row: But,

Luia: What but?

Row: I would tell you,

Luia: I know all you can tell me, all's but this
you would haue me, and lye with me, is't not so?

Row: Yes.

Luia: Why, you shall, will that content you, goe,

Row: I am very loath to goe.

Luia: Now o my conscience

Enter Bianca

Thou art an honest fellow: here's my sister,
goe, prethee goe, this kisse, and credit me
ere I am three nights older I am for thee,
you shall heare what I doe.

Enter Maria

Row: I had rather feele it.

Luia: fare well.

Row: Fare well.

Exit Rowland.

Luia: Alas poore foote how it lookes
it would eu'n hang it selfe, should I but crosse it,
for pure loue to the matter, I must hatch it.

Bian: Nay neuer looke for merie houre, Maria,
if now ye make it not, lett not your blushes,
yo^r modestie, and tendernes of spirit
make you continuall anuile to his anger,
beleue me since his first wife sett him going
nothing can bind his rage, take your owne counsell,

you

you shall not say that I perswaded you.

Mari: Stay, shall I doe it?

Bian: Haue you a stomack to it?

Mar: I neuer shew'd it

Bian: I will shew the rarer and the stranger in you,
but doe not say I urg'd you.

Mari: He doe it.

like Curtius to redieme my country, haue I
leapt in this gulfe of marriage
farewell all poore thoughts, but spight & anger
till I haue wrought a miracle vpon him.

Bian: This is braue now

if you continue it, but your owne will lead you.

Mari: A due all tendernes, I dare continue,
mayes that are mayes of fears and modest blushes
View me and loue example.

I am no more the gentle tame Maria,
mistake me not, I haue a new soule in me,
made of a north wind, nothing but tempest,
and like a tempest shall it make all ruins
till I haue run my will out.

Bian: Here is your sister.

Mar: Here is the braue old mans loue.

Bian: That loues the young man.

Mar: I and hold thee there, Wench,

What a grieve o the hart is't when Paphos reuels
should vprouse old night, to sweate against a corke,
to lye and tell the clocke oth' lungs, to rise sport-start'd.

Luia: Deare sister where haue you been you talke thus?

Mari: Why? at church where I am tyde to talke thus,
I am a wife now.

Luia

Liu. It seemes so, and a modest.
 Mari. You are an ass, when thou art married once
 thy modesty will neuer buy thee pins.
 Liu. Blesse me.
 Mari. from what?
 Bian. from such a tame foole as our cosen Liua.
 Liui. You are not mad?
 Mari. Yes whench, and so must you be, marke me Liua,
 or none of our acquaintance, or indeed fit for our sex:
 pardon me yellow Hymen, that I meane,
 thy offerings to protract, and to keepe f
 fasting my valiant Bridegroom.
 Liu. Whether will this woman
 Bian. You may perceiue her end.
 Liui. Or rather feare it.
 Mar. Dare you be partner in't.
 Liu. Leave it Maria.
 I feare I haue mark'd to much, for goodnes leaue it
 diuine you with obedient hands to bed.
 Mari. To bed? no Liua there be comets hang
 prodigious ouer that yet, there is a fellow
 must yet before I know that heate (nerestart wench)
 be made a man, for yet he is a monster,
 here must his head be, Liua..
 Liu. Neuer hope it,
 'tis with a sune to scoope the Ocean, as
 to tame Petruchio.
 Mari. Stay. Lucina heare me,
 neuer unlock the treasure of my wombe
 for humane fruit to make it capable,
 nor neuer with thy secret hand make briefe:

A

A womans labour to me, if I doe
 giue way onto my married husbands will,
 or be a wife in anie thing but hopes
 till I haue made him easie as a child,
 and tame as fcare; he shall not winne a smile,
 or a pleas'd looke from this austeritie
 though it would pull another iointure from him,
 and make him euery day another man;
 & when I kisse him, till I haue my will
 may I be barren of delights, and know
 only what pleasure is in dreames and gheses.
 Liua. A strange exordium.
 Bian. All the seuerall wrongs
 done by imperious husbands to their wiues
 these thousand yeares and vppwards strengthen thee,
 thou hast a braue cause.
 Mari. And I'll doe it brauelie,
 or may I knit my life out euer after.
 Liui. In what part of the world got shee this spirit?
 yet, pray, Maria, looke before you truly,
 besides the disobedience of a wife
 (which you will find a heauie imputation)
 which yet I can not thinke your owne, it shewes
 so distant from your sweetnes.
 Mari. 'Tis I sweare.
 Liui. Waigh but the person, and the hopes you haue
 to worke this desperate cure.
 Mari. A weaker subject
 would shame the end, I ayme at disobedience.
 You talke too tamely, by the faith I haue
 in mine owne noble will, that childish woman

That

That liues a prisoner to her husbands pleasure,
has lost her making, and becommes a beast,
created for his vse not fellowship.

Luia. His first wife said as much.

Mari. She was a foole.

& tooke a scuruy course; let her be nam'd
mongst those that wish for things, but dare not doe'em.
I haue a new dance for him, and a mad one.

Liui. Are you of this faith?

Bian. Yes truly, and will dye in't.

Liui. Why then, let's all weare breeches.

Bian. That's a good wench,

now thou com'st neere the nature of a woman:
hang those tame-harted Eyasses, that no sooner
see the lure out, and heare their husbands hallow,
but cry like kites vpon'em; the free haggard
(which is that woman that has wing, and knowes it,
spirit and plume) will make a hundred checks
to shew her freedom, sayle in euery aire
& looke out euery pleasure, not regarding
lure, nor quarry, till her pick command
what she desires, making her founderd keeper
be glad to fling out traynes, and golden ones
to take her downe againe.

Luia. You are learned, sister,
yet I say still, take heed.

Mari. A witty saying,

He tell thee *Liui*, had this fellow tir'd
as manie wiues, as horses vnder him,
with spurring of their patience; had he gott
a patent with an office to reclaime vs,

Confirmed.

Confirmed by parliament, had he the malice
& subtiltie of deuils, or of vs,

Or anie thing that's worse then both.

Liui. Hey, hey boyes, this is excellent.

Mari.

Or could he
cast his wiues new again, like bels, to make'em
sound to his will, or had the fearefull name
of the first breaker of wild women, yet
yet would I vndertake this man, thus single;
and spight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
turne him, and bend him, as I list, and mold him
into a babe again, that aged women
wanting both teeth and spleene, may master him.

Bian. Thou wilt be chronield.

Mari. That's all I ayne at

Liui. I must confesse I doe with all my hart
hate an imperious husband, and in time
might be so wrought vpon

Bian. To make him cuckold.

Mar. If he deserue it.

Liui. Then Ile leaue you ladies.

Bian. Thou hast not so much noble anger in thee,

Mar. Goe sleepe, goe sleepe, what we intend to doe

lyes not for such star'd soules, as thou hast *Luia*,
Good night the bridegroome will be with you presently.

Mari. That's more then you know.

Liui. If ye worke vpon him
as ye haue promist, ye may giue example
which no doubt will be follow'd.

Mari. So

Bian. Good night, weel trouble you no further,

If

If you intend no good, pray doe no harme.
 None but pray for yee.
Exit Luia.
 Now Bianca.
 Cheere wench.
 Those wits wee haue, let's wind 'em to y^e height.
 My rest is vpon wench, and I pull for that
 will make me euer famous, they that lay
 foundations are halfe builders: all men say. *Enter Jaques.*
 My master forsooth.
 O! how does thy Master? prethee commend me to him.
 How's this? My master staves forsooth.
 Why lett him stay, who hinders him forsooth.
 The reuell's ended now to visit you.
 I am not sick.
 I meane to see his chamber forsooth.
 Am I his groome? where lay he last night forsooth?
 In the low matted parlour.
 There lyes his way, by the long gallerie.
 I meane your chamber, you are very merry M^{rs}.
 'Tis a good signe I am sound harted Jaques:
 but if you will know where I lye, follow me,
 & what thou seest deliuer to thy M^{rs}.
Excunt Maria & Bianca.
 Ha! is the wind in that doore?
 Kirtlady we shall haue fowle weather then,
 I doe not like the chuffling of these women,
 they are mad beasts, when they knock their heads;
 I haue obserued 'em all this day, their whispers
 one in anothers eare, their signes, and pinches,
 and breaking often into violent laughers,
 as if the end they purposed, were their owne.

Call

Call you these weddings? sure this is knauery,
 a uery ranck, and daintie knauery,
 meruitous finely caried, that's the comfort.
 what would these women doe in wayes of Honor,
 that are such masters this way? well my Sir
 has been as good at finding out these toys
 as anie liuing, if he loose it now
 at his owne perill be it. I must follow. *Exit.*
Enter, Seru. with lights.) Petruchio, Petronius.
 Moros, Tranio, Sophocles.
 Petruc. You that are married gentlemen, haue at y^e,
 for a round wager now.
 Sop. Of this night stage?
 Petr. Yes.
 Sop. I am your first man, a paire of gloues of 20 shillings.
 Petru. Done; who takes me vpon els? I am for all bets.
 Moro. Faith lusty Laurence, were but my night now
 old as I am, I would make you clap on spurs,
 but I would reach you, and bring you to
 you troth too; I would gallant.
 Petru. Well said good will; but where's the stuffe boy? ha?
 old father tyme your houre glasse is emptie.
 Petron. See how these boyes dispise vs, well son, well
 this pride will haue a fall,
 Petru. Vpon your daughter,
 but I shall rise againe if there be truth,
 in eggs and buttered parsneps.
 Petron. Will you to bed sonne, and leaue talking
 to morrow morning we shall haue you looke
 for all your great words like S^t George at Kingston
 running a foote back from the furious dragon.

That

That with her angrie tayle belabors him
for being lazie
Sopho. His warlike launce
bent like a crosse bow lath, alas the while
Tranio. His courage quencht, and so farre quencht
Petr. 'Tis well Sir,
Tran. That anie priuie S^t. euen small S^t. Dauid
may lash him with a leeke.
Petr. What then?
Sopho. fly, fly, quoth then, the fearefull dwarfe,
here is no place for liuing man.
Petr. Well my masters if I doe sinke vnder my busines,
as I find 'tis very possible, I am not the first
that has miscaried so, that's my comfort
what may be done without impeach or wast / Enter Iaques.
I can or will doe. How now? is my fayre bride a bed?
Iaques. No truly Sir.
Petr. Not a bed yet? body a me, wee'll vp and rifle her,
here's a coyle with a maidenhead, 'tis not intayld,
is yet?
Petr. If it be, He try all the law ith land, but He cut it of,
lets vp, lets vp, come.
Iag. That you cannot neither.
Petr. Why?
Iag. Vntill you'd drop through the chimney like a daw,
or force a breach ith windores, you may vntile the
house, 'tis possible.
Petr. What dost thou meane?
Iag. A morall, Sir, the ballat will expresse it
the wind and the rayne, has turn'd you back againe,
ye cannot be lodged there, the truth is

All

All the doores are barricadoed, not a cat hole
but holds a murder int, she's victuall'd
for this month.
Petr. Art thou not drunck?
Sopho. He's drunke, he's drunke, come come lett's vp.
Iag. Yes yes, I am drunke, ye may goe vp, ye may
gentlemen, but take heed to your heads, I say no more.
Sopho. He try that— Exit Sophocles.
Petro. How dost thou say, the doore fast lockt, fellow.
Iag. Yes truly, Sir, 'tis lockt and guarded to, and two as desperate
tongues planted behind it, as are yet bawd: they stand vpon
their honors, and will not giue vp without strange composition;
He assure you, marching away with their peeces cockt and
bullets in their mouths will not satisfie them.
Petr. How's this? how's this? they are,
Is there another with her?
Iag. Yes marry is there, and an Enginier.
Moro. Who's that for loues sake?
Iag. Colonell Bianca she commands the workes, Spinola's but a
ditcher to her; there's a halfe moone. I am a poore man, but if
you'd giue me leaue, sir, He venture a yeares wages, draw all yo^r.
force before it, & mount your ablest peece of battery, you shall
not enter int these three nights yet. Enter Sopho.
Petr. I should laugh at that good Iaques,
Sopho. Beate back again, she's fortified for euer.
Iag. Am I drunke now, Sir.
Sopho. He that dares most, goe vp now, and be cold.
I haue scapt a pretty scouring
Petr. What are they mad, haue we another Bedlam
She doth not talke I hope.
Sopho. Oh terribly, extreamply, fearefully, the noyse

at

At London bridge is nothing neerer her
 Petru. How gott she tongue?
 Soph. As you gott tayle, she was borne too.
 Petru. Lockt out a doores, and on my wedding night,
 nay and I suffer this I may goo graze.
 come gentlemen, He batter, are these vertues?
 Soph. Doe, and be beaten of with shame as I was.
 I went up, came to the doore, knock'd, no body answer'd,
 knock'd louder, yet hard nothing, would haue
 broke in by force: when suddainly a water worke
 flew from the windore with such a violence
 that had I not duck'd quickly like a fyrr, *cetera quis nescit?*
 the chamber's nothing but a meere Ostend,
 in euery windore, pewter canons mounted,
 you'll quickly find with what they are charg'd Sir.
 Petru. Why then Tantara for vs.
 Sopho. & all the lower workes lynd sure with small shot,
 long tongs with fire-lockes that at 12 score blanch
 hit to the hart, now and you deare goe vp. — Enter Maria
 More. The windore opens, beate a parly first, and Bianca
 I am so much amaz'd my very haire stand.
 Petron. Why, how now daughter, what Intrencht?
 Maria. A little guard'd for my safety Sir.
 Petru. For your safety sweet-hart, why, who offends you?
 I come not to use violence.
 Mari. I thinke you cannot Sir, I am better fortified.
 Petru. I know your end, you would fayne repriue your mayden head
 a night or two.
 Mari. Yis,
 or ten, or twenty Sir, or say a hundred
 or indeed till I list lye with you.

Sophocles.

79
 Soph. That's a shrewd saying, from this houre
 I will neuer belene a silent woman.
 when they breake out they are bon-fires.
 Petron. Till you list lye with him? why who are you Madam
 Bian. That trimme gentlemans wife Sir.
 Petru. Gise ye mercy, doe ye command too?
 Mari. Yes mary doth shee, and in cheefe.
 Bian. I doe command, and you shall goo without
 I meane your wife, for this night.
 Mari. And for the next too wench, and so a'st follows.
 Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt a?
 Mari. Yes indeed deare father,
 & till he scales to what I shall set downe
 for anie thing I know for euer.
 Soph. Birlady these are buggs words.
 Tran. You heare her Sir, she can talke heauen be thanked.
 Petru. I would I heard it not
 Soph. I find that all the pittie bestowed vpon this woman,
 makes but an anagramme of an ill wife
 for she was neuer vertuous.
 Petru. You'll lett me in I hope, for all this iesting?
 Mari. Hope still Sir.
 Petro. You will come downe I am sure.
 Mari. I am sure I will not.
 Petro. Ile fetch you, then.
 Bian. The power of the whole County cannot Sir,
 vnlesse we please to yeld, which yet I thinke
 we shall not, charge when you please, you shall
 heare quickly from vs.
 More. Heauen blesse me, from a chicken of thy hatching
 Petru. Prethee Maria tell me whats the reason

E 3

Or doe it freely: you deale thus strangely with me.
you were not forced to marry, your consent
went equally with mine, if not before it:

I hope you doe not doubt I want that mettle
a man should haue to keepe a woman waking.
I would be sorry to be such a S^r yet,
my person, as it is not excellent
so tis not old, or lame, or weak with physick.
but well enough to please an honest woman,
that keepe her house, & loues her husband.

Mari. 'Tis so.

Petru. My meanes and my conditions are no shamers
of him that owes them, all the world knowes that,
and my friends no relyers on my fortunes.

Mari. All this I beleue and none of all these parcels
I dare except against, nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aime at
these idle outward things, these womans fears
that were I yet unmarried, free to chuse
through all the tribes of man I would take Petruchio
In's shirt with one ten groates to pay the priest
before the best man liuing, or the ablest
that ere leapt out of Lancashire, and they are right ones.

Petro. Why doe you play the foole then, and stand prating
out of the window like a broken miller?

Petru. If you will haue me credit you Maria,
come downe, and lett your loue confirme it.

Mari. Staye there, Sir,
that bargaine's yet to make.

Bian. Play sure wench, the packe's in thine owne hand.

Sophe. Let me dye lowrie

If

If these two wenches be not brewing knauery
to stock a kingdome.

Petru. Death, this is a riddle,

I loue ye, and I loue ye not.

Mar. It is so, and till your owne experience doe vntie it
this distance I must keepe.

Petru. If you talke more
I am angrie, very angrie.

Mari. I am glad on't and I will talke.

Petru. Prethee peace,
lett me not thinke thou art mad, I tell thee woman
if thou goest forward, I am still Petruchio.

Mari. And I am worse, a woman
that feare neither Petruchio furious, nor his fame
nor anie thing that tends to our alliegence.
ther's a short method for ye, now you know me.

Petru. If you can carie't so, tis very well.

Bian. No you shall carry it, Sir.

Petru. Peace gentle Lowbell.

Petro. Use no more words, but come down instantly,
I charge thee by the duty of a child.

Petru. Prethee come Maria, I forgiue all.

Mari. Stay there, that duty that you charge me by
(if you consider truly what you say)
is now another mans, you gaue't away
ith' church, if you remember to my husband,
so all you can exact now, is no more
but only a due reuerence to your person,
which thus I pay. Yo^r blessing and I am gone
to bed for this night

Petro. This is monstrous,

That

That blessing that S^r Dunstan gave the diuill
if I were nere thee I would giue thee,
pull the downe by the nose.

Bian. S^r should not raue Sir
a little Rubarbe now were excellent.

Petru. Then by that duty you owe to me Maria
open the doore and be obedient. I am quiet yet.

Mari. I doe confesse that duty, make yair best out.

Petru. Why giue me leaue I will.

Bian. Sir there's no learning
an old stiffe iade to trot, you know the morall.

Mar. Yet as I take it Sir, I owe no more,
then you owe back againe.

Petru. You will not article?
all I owe presently, lett me but vp, I'll pay.

Mar. Y^e are to hot and such proue iades at length.
you doe confesse a duty or respect to me from you againe,
that's very nere or full the same with mine.

Petru. Yes.

Mari. Then by that duty, or respect, or what
you please to haue it, goo to bed and leaue me,
and trouble me no longer with your fooling;
for know I am not for you.

Petru. Well, what remedie.

Petru. A fine smart cudgell, o that I were nere thee.

Bian. If you had teeth now, what a case were wee in;

More. These are the most authentique rebels next Tyrono
I euer read of.

Mari. A weeke hence, or a fortnight, as you beare ye,
and as I find my will obseru'd, I may
with intercession of some freinds be brought

May

May be to kisse you, and so quarterly
to pay a little rent, by composition,
you understand me?

Soph. Show boye, show.

Petru. Well, there are mor maydes then Maudlin.
that's my comfort.

Mari. Yes, and more men then Michaell

Petru. I must not to bed with this stomach
and no meate Lady.

Mari. feed where you will, so it be sound and wholesome,
els lue at liuery for I'll none with ye.

Bian. You had best back one of the dayrie maydes,
they'll carry, but take heed to your girths,
you'll gett a bruise els.

Petru. Now if thou wouldst come downe and tender me
all the delights due to a marriage bed,
study such kisses as would melt a man,
and turne thy selfe into a thousand figures
to adde new flames vnto me, I would stand
thus heauie, thus regardles, thus despising
thee, and thy best allurings; all the beautie
that's laid vpon your bodies, marke me well,
for without doubt your minds are miserable,
you haue no markes for them, all this rare beautie,
lay but the painter and the silke worke by,
the doctor with his dyets, and the taylor
you appeare like flead cats, not so handsome.

Maria. And wee appeare like her that sent vs hether
that only excellent and brautecous nature,
truly our silues; for men to wounder at,
but for diuine to handle; we are gold

in 8.

In our owne natures pure; but when we suffer
the husbands stamps upon vs; then like alayes
and base ones of you men are mingled with vs,
& make vs blush like copper.

Petru. Then, and neuer
till then, are women to be spokin of
for till that time you haue no soutes, I take it.
good night; come gentlemen, He fast for this night,
but by this hand, well, I shall come up yet.

Mari. Noe.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a withered Jewry
thou shalt neither haue meate, fire, nor candle,
nor anie thing thats easie; doe you rebell so soone,
yet take mercy.

Bian. Put up your pipes to bed Sir, He assure you
a months siege will not shake vs.

Moro. Well said Colonell.

Maria. To bed, to bed Petruchio, good night gentlemen,
youle make my father sicke with setting up:
here you shall find vs anie time these ten dayes
vnlesse we may march of with our contentment.

Petru. He hang first.

Mar. & He quarter if I doe not
He make ye know and feare a wife Petruchio,
there lyes my cause, you haue been famous
for a woman Tamer,
and beare the fear'd name of a braue wife breaker,
a woman now shall take these honors off.
and tame you, nay neuer looke so bigg,
she shall belceue me, and I am shee, what thinke yee?

Bian. good night to all, you shall find Sentinels. — Exeunt about
If ye dare, sall ye

Petro. The diuell's in 'em euen the very diuell,
the downe right diuell.

Petru. He diuell 'em, by these ten bones I will, He bring it to the old
prouerbe; no sport, no pye; death taken downe i'th top of all my
speed, this is fine dauncing; gentlemen, stick to mee, you see
our free holds touch'd, and by this light we will beleaguer 'em, &
either starue 'em out, or make 'em recreant.

Petro. He see all passag's stopt but these about 'em;
if the good woemen of the towne dare succour 'em,
wee shall haue warres indeed.

Sopho. He stand perdu upon 'em.

Moroso. My regiment shall lye before.

Jaques. I thinke so, 'tis growne to old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each
prouide him to his tackle
wee'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons,
heare what I say, on their bare knees, I vow
am I Petruchio fear'd and spoken of
and on my wedding night am I thus jaded. Exeunt.

Enter Rowland at one doore, Pedro hastily at
the other.

Row. Now Pedro?

Pedro. Very busie Mr. Rowland,

Row. What haste man?

Pedro. I beseech you pardon me, I am not my owne man.

Row. Thou art not mad?

Pedro. No, but belceue me as hastie.

Row. The cause good Pedro.

Pedro. There be a thousand Sir, you are not married.

Row. Not yet.

Pedro. Keepe your selfe quiet then.

Rowland

Pedro.

Why?

Pedro.

You'll find a fiddle that neuer will be tun'd else
from all such women deliuer me. —

Exit Pedro

Enter Row.

What ayle's the fellow trow? Jaques

Jaques

your freind Sir, but very full of busines.

Row

Nothing but busines

prethee thy reason; is there anie dying?

Jaq.

I would there were Sir.

Row

But thy busines?

Jaq.

I'll tell you in a word, I am sent to lay
an imposition vpon soure and puddings,
pasties, and pennie custards, that the women
may not relieue you rebels. fare you well Sir.

Row.

How does thy Mistris?

Jaq.

Like a restie iade

Shee's spoyld for ryding. —

Exit

Row.

What a diuell aile they?

Custards and pennie pasties, fooles and fiddles

What's this to th' purpose? o well met

Enter Sopho.

Sopho.

Now Rowland, I can not stay
to talke long.

Row.

What's the matter?

here's stirring, but to what end? whether goe you?

Sopho.

To view the workes.

Row.

What workes?

Soph.

The womens trenches.

Row

Trenches, are such to see?

Soph.

I doe not kest Sir.

Row.

I cannot vnderstand you.

Sopho.

Do not you heare
in what a state of quarrell the new bride

Stands

Row.

Stands with her husband

Let him stand with her, and there's an end.

Sopho.

It should be, but birlady
she holds him out at pikes end, and defies him,
and now is fortifyd, such a regiment of Rutters
Neir deside men brauer. I am sent
to view their preparation.

Row.

This is newes

Stranger then armies in the aire you saw not
my gentle Mistris.

Sopho.

Yes, and meditating
vpon some secret busines, when she had found it
she leapt for ioy, and laugh'd, and strait retir'd
to shun Moroso.

Row.

This may be for me.

Sopho.

Will you along?

Row.

No.

Soph.

fare you well.

Exit Sophocles.

Row.

Fare you well Sir.

What should her musing meane, and what her ioy in't?

if not for my aduantage? stay, may not

that bootaile iade Moroso, with his gold

his gew-gaides, and the hope she has to send him

quickly to dust, excite this? here she comes.

Enter Lucia, and

Moroso as vncene by her

O yonder walks the stallion to discover

yet He salute her: Saue you beauteous Mistris

Lucia

The fox is kennell'd for me, saue you Sir.

Row.

Why doe you looke so strange?

Liui.

I use to looke, Sir, without examination.

Moroso.

I thanke thee for that word,

Row.

Belike then

The

the object discontents you?

Luia Yes it does.

Row Is't come to this? you know me, doe you not?

Luia Yes as I may know manie by repentance.

Row Why doe ye breake your faith?

Luia I'll tell you that too
you are vnder age, and no band holds vpon you.

Mor. Gramercy for that wench.

Luia Sue out your vnderstanding,
and gett more haire, to couer your bare knockle
(for boyes were made for nothing but dry kisses.)
and if you can more manners.

Moro Better still.

Luia E's then if I want spanish gloues, or stockings
a ten pound wastcote, or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept'em.

Row farewell, and when I credit woman more
may I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade.
(and know him to be so) that breake my neck.

Luia Because I haue knowne you, I'll be thus kind to you,
farewell, and be a man, and I'll provide for you,
because I see y'ar desperate, some stay'd chamber mayde,
that may relieue your youth with wholesome doctrine.

Moro Ha wench!

Luia Ha chicken? — *She giues Moroso a box at the eare, & Exit.*

Moroso Is't come to this,
Saue you.

Row The diuell take you.

Moro Oh.

Row There's a loue token for you, thuck me now. — *Exit.*

Moro I'll thinke on some of you, and if I liue.

My

my nose alone shall not be playd withall. — *Exit*

ACTVS II. *Scena j.*

Enter Luia

Luia Now if I can gett in but handsomely
father I shall deceiue you, & this night
for all your priuate plotting, I'll no wedlock
I haue shifted sayle, and finds my sisters safetie
a sure retirement. Pray to heauen that Rowland
believe not to far, what I said to him,
for yond old fox case forc'd me, that's my feare.
Stay, lett me see, this quarter fierce Petruchio
keepe with his Mirmigons; I must be suddaine,
if he sease on me, I can looke for nothing
but Marshall law; to this place haue I scap'd him,
about there.

*Enter Maria and
Bianca (about.)*

Maria Qui va la?

Luia A friend.

Bian Who are you?

Luia Looke out and know.

Mari Alas poore wench, who sent thee?
What weake foole made thy tounge his orator?
I know ye come to parley.
Luia Y'are deceiuid,
arg'd by the goodness of your cause I come.
to doe as you doe.

Mar. Y'ar to weake, too foolish
to cheate vs with your smoothnes; do not we know
thou hast been kept vp tame?

Luia Belieue me.

Maria No, prethee good Luia

utter

Bian. utter thy Eloquence some where els.
Good Cousin
put up your pipes, wee are not for your pallate,
alas we know who sent you.

Luia A my faith.

Bian. Stay there, you must not thinke yo^r faith, or troth,
or by your maiden head, or such Sunday oathes
sworne after euen song, can inueagle vs,
to loose our handfast; did their wisdomes thinke
that sent you hether, we would be so foolish
to entertaine our gentle sister Sinon,
and giue her credit, while the wooden iade
Petruchio stole upon vs; no good sister
goe home and tell the merie Greekes that sent you.
Hium shall burze; and I, as did Eneas,
will on my backe spight off the Mirmidons
cary this warlike Lady; and through seas
unknowne, and vnbeleu'd seeke out a land
where like a race of noble Amazons
weele roote our selues, and to our endlesse glory
liue and dispise base men.

Luia No second ye.

Bian How long haue you been thus?

Luia That's all one cousin
I stand for freedome now.

Bian. Take heed of lying,
for by this light, if we doe credit you
and find you tripping, his infliction
that kill'd the Prince of Orange will be sporte
to what wee purpose.

Luia Let me feele the heauiest.

Maria

Mari. Swear by thy sweet hart Rowland (for by your maiden head
I feare 'twill be to late to swear) you meane
nothing but faire, and safe, and honorable,
to vs and to our cause.

Luia I sweare

Bian. Stay yet
I sweare as you hate Moroso, that's the surest,
and as you haue a Christian feare to find him
worso then a poore dryd Jack, full of more aches
then Autumne has; more knauerie, and verry,
and foolery, and brokery then dogs ditch,
as you doe constantly beluee hee's nothing
but an old emptie bag, with a grey beard,
and that beard such a bobtayle, that it lookes
worso then a maires tayle eaten with fillyes,
as you acknowledge that young handson wench
that lyes by such a bilboe blade, that bends
with euery passe he makes to th hills, most miserable,
a dry nurse to his coughes, a fewterer
to such a nastie fellow, a robd thing
of all delights youth looks for, and to end
one cast away on course beefe, borne to brush
that euertasting cassock, that has worne
as manie seruants out as the northeast passage
hath consum'd saylors; if ye sweare this truly
without the reseruatiou of a gowne
or anie meritorious petticote
'tis like we shall beluee you.

Luia I doe sweare it.

Mar. Stay yet a little, came this holsonie motion,
(scate truly Sister) from your owne opinion,

or some

or some suggestion of the foe?
Livia. Now feare me
for by that little faith I haue in husbands
and the great zeale I beare your cause, I come
full of that libertie you stand for Sister.
Maria. If we beleue, and you proue recreant, Livia,
thinke what a mayme you giue the noble cause
we now stand up for, thinke what women shall
a hundred yeare hence speake thee, when examples
are lookt for, and so great ones, whose relations
spoke as wee doe em wench, shall make new customes.

Bian. If ye be false, repent, goe home, and pray,
O to the rurious women of the city
confesse your selfe, bring not a sinne so hainous
to load thy soule; to this place, marke me Livia,
if thou beest double, and betrayst our honors,
and we fall in our purpose, gett thee where
there is no women liuing; nor no hope
there euer shall bee.

Maria. If a mothers daughter
that euer heard the name of stubborn husband
find thee, and know thy sinne,

Bian. Nay if old age,
one that has worne away the name of woman,
and no more left to know her by but rayling,
no teeth, nor eyes, no legs but wooden ones
come but ath windward of thee, for sure shee'll smell thee
th' root be so ranke, shee'll ride thee like a night mare
and say her prayers backward to vndoe thee,
shee'll curse thy meate and drinke, and when thou mariest
clap a sound spell for euer on thy pleasures.

Maria.

Maria. Children of five yeare, old like little fayries
will pinch thee into motthly, all that euer
shall liue and heare of thee, I meane all women
will like so manie furies, shake their keyes
andASSE their flaming distaues o're their heads
crying reuenge, take heed 'tis hideous
o'tis a fearefull office, if thou hadst
though thou beest perfect now, when thou canst first
a false imagination, gett thee gone,
and as my learned cousin sayd repent,
this place is sought by soundnes.

Livia. So I seeke it
or lett me be a most dispix'd example.

Maria. I doe beleue thee, bee thou worthy of it:
you come not emptie?

Livia. No: here's cake, and cold meate,
and tripe of prooffe, behold here's wine and beere
be suddaine I shall be surpris'd also.

Mar. Meete at the low parlor doore, there lyes a close waye;
what fond obedience ye haue liuing in you
or duty to a man, before you enter,
fling it away, 'twill but defile our offerings.

Bian. Be wary as you come.

Livia. I warrant ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Rowland at one doore, Franio at y^e other.

Franio. Now Rowland,

Row. How doe you?

Fra. How dost thou man
thou lookst ill?

Row. Yes: pray you tell me Franio,

who

Who knew the diuell first?
 Tranio. A woman.
 Row. Soe, were they not well acquainted?
 Tran. May be so,
 for they had certaine dialogues together.
 Row. He sould her fruit I take it.
 Tran. Yes, and cheere
 that choaked all mankind after.
 Row. Canst thou tell me
 whether that woman euer had a faith
 after she had eaten?
 Tran. That's a great chole question.
 Row. No.
 'tis no question, for belecue me Tranio
 that cold fruit after eating bred naught in her.
 but windie promises, and cholick vowes
 that broke out both wayes; thou hast heard I am sure
 of Esculapius, a far famed Surgion,
 one that cood set together quarter'd traitors
 and make 'em honest men.
 Tran. How dost thou Rowland?
 Row. Lett him but take (if he dare doe a cure
 shall gett him fame indeed) a faithles woman,
 there wilbe credit for him that will speake him,
 a broken woman, Tranio, a base woman
 and if he can cure such a rack of honor,
 lett him come here and practise.
 Tra. Now, for heauens sake,
 what aylist thou Rowland?
 Row. I am ridden Tranio,
 and spurgald to the life of patience

Chaucer

heauen keepe my wits together) by a thing,
 our worst thoughts are too noble for; a woman.
 Tra. Y^e Mistris has a little frownd it may be.
 Row. She was my Mistris.
 Tra. Is she not
 Row. No Tranio,
 she has done me such disgrace, so spightfully,
 so like a woman bent to my undoing,
 that henceforth a good horse shall be my Mistris,
 a good sword, a booke, and if you see her,
 tell her I doe beseech you euer for loue sake,
 our old loue and our freindship.

Tra. I will Rowland.
 Row. She may sooner
 count the good I haue thought her,
 shed one true teare, meane one houre constantly,
 be old and honest, married and a maide,
 then make me see here more, or more beleue her,
 and now I haue mett a messenger, fare well Sir. *Exit*
 Tra. Alas poore Rowland. I will doe it for thee,
 this is that dog Moroso, but I hope
 to see him cold itt mouth ere hee ioy her.
 He watch this young man, desperate thoughts may seaze him,
 And if my purse or counsell can, He ease him *Exit*

Enter

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso.

Petruch. For looke you gentlemen, say that I graunt hir
out of my free and liberall loue a pardon
wth you and all men else know she deserves not,
(tenetis amici) can all the world leaue laughing?

Petro. I thinke not.

Petru. No by this hand they cannot,
for pray consider, haue you euer read
or heard of, or can anie man imagine
so stiffe a Tom-boy of so sett a malice
and such a brazen resolution
as this young crab-tree? and then answer me;
O marke but this too friends, without a cause,
not a foule word come cross her, not a feare,
she iustly can take hold on! O doe you thinke
I must sleepe out my anger, and indure it?
sow pillowes to her ease, and lull her mischiefe?
giue me a spindle first; no no my masters,
were shee as faire as Nell of Greece, and housewife
as good as the wise saylors wife, and young still,
neuer above 15. and those tricks to it
she should ride the wild mare once a weeke, she should,
beleue me friends she should; I would take her
till all the legions that are crept into her
flew out with fire, ith tayles.

Sopho. Me thinks you erre now,
and to me seemes a little sufferance
were a farre sooner cure.

Petru. Yes I can suffer
where I see promises of peace and mendment.

Moro. Giue her a few conditions.

Petruchio.

Petru. No be hangd first.

Petron. Giue her a crab-tree cudgell.

Petru. So I will,
and after it a flock bed for her bones.

O hard egges till they brace her like a drum.

she shall be pamperd with,

she shall not know a stoole in 10. months gentlemen.

Sopho. This must not be. — Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Arme, arme, out with your weapons
for all the woemen in the Kingdoms on ye:

they swarme like waspes, and nothing can destroy 'em
but stopping of their hie, and smothering of 'em. — Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Stand to your guard, Sir, all the evils extant
are broke vpon vs like a cloud of thunder,
there are more woemen marching hetherward
in rescue of my Mistris then ere turnid tayle
at Sturbridge faire, and I beleue as fiery.

Jaques. The fortune hopes, led by a Fanners wife,
I know her by her hido, a desperate woman
she flead her husband in her youth, and made
raines of his hido to ride the parish, her plackett
lookes like the straights of Gibraltar, still wider
downe to the gulpho, all sun-burnt Barbary
lyes in her breech; take 'em all together
they are a genealogie of ginnets, gotten
and borne thus, by the boysterous breath of husbands,
they serue rure and are swift to catch occasion
(I meane their fces or husbands) by the fore-locks,
and there they hang like fauours; erie they can
but more for noble spight then feare, and crying,
like the old giants that were fces to heauen,

they

they heave ye stools on stools, and fling manie potlies
like massie rocks, dart laddes, tossing iresses
Es tongs like thunderbolts, till overlaid
they fall beneath the waight, yet still aspiring
at those imperious codsheads, that would tame 'em:
there's nere a one of these, the worst, and weakest,
(choose where you will) but dare attempt the raying
against the souveraigne peace of Puritans
a may-pole, or a moris, maugre mainly
their zeales, and dudgeon daggers, and yet more
dares plant a stand of batt'ring ale against 'em
and drink 'em out at parish.

Pedro. There's one first brought in the beares against
the cannons of two church-wardens, made it good
and fought 'em in the church-yard after euen song.

Jaques. Another to her everlasting fame erected
2 ale houses of ease, the quarter sessions
running against her roundly, in which busines
2 of the disanullers lost their night caps,
a third stood excommunicate by the cudgell,
the constable to her eternall glorie
drunk hard, and was converted, and shee victor.

Sopho. Lo ye fierce Petruchio
this comes of your impatience.

Petru. Come to counsell.

Sopho. Now ye must grant conditions, or the kingdome
will haue no other talke but this.

Petron. Away then,
and let's aduise the best.

Sopho. Why doe you tremble

Moro. Haue I liu'd thus long to be knockt at head

with

with halfe a washing beetell, pray be wise Sir.

Petru. Come something I'll doe,
but what it is I know not

Sopho. To counsell then, and let's auoid these follies,
guard all the doores, or we shall not haue a cloake left.

Exeunt.

Enter 3 Country wenches at severall doores.

I. How goes your busines girles?

II. A foot and faire

III. If fortune fauour vs, away to your strengths
we are discou'd els.

I. The country forces are arri'd, begone.

II. Arme and be valliant, thinke of our cause.

III. Our Justice 1: 1: 1: 'tis sufficient.

Exeunt.

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles,
Tranio.

Petron. I am indifferent, though I must confesse
I had rather see her carted.

Tran. No more of that Sir,

Sop. Are ye resolued to giue her faire conditions?
It will be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
when I first woo'd her; if I offer peace
she'll vrye her owne conditions; there's the deuill.

Sopho. They say she doe,

Petru. Say I am made an asse then,
I know her aime, may I with reputation
answere me this with safetie of mine honor,
(after the mightie manadge of my first wife)
it was indeed a furie to this filly
after my 12. strong labours to reclaime her;

which.

(which would haue made Don Hercules horne mad,
and hid him in his hide) suffer this Sicely
ere she had warm'd my sheetes, ere grappell'd with me,
this pinck, this painted foyst, this cockle boate
to hang her fights out, and defie me friends,
a well knowne man of warre? if this be equall,
and I may suffer, say, e' I haue done.

Petro. I doe not thinke you may.

Tra. Youle make it worre Sir.

Sopho. Pray heare me good Petruchio, but euen now
you were contented to giue all conditions
to try how far she would carry; tis a folly
(and you will find it so) to clasp the curb on
ere ye be sure, it proues a naturall wildnes
and not a for'd, giue her conditions,
for on my life, this trick is put into her.

Petro. I should beleue so to,

Sop. E' not her owne.

Tra. You'll find it so.

Sop. Then if she fownder with you
clap spurres on; and in this you'll deale with temperance,
auoid the hurric of the world.

Musique aboute.

Franco. E' loose

Mor. No honor a my life Sir.

Petru. I will doe it.

Petro. It seemes they are very merie.

Petru. Why long hold it.

Moro. Now Iaques

Iag. They are ith flaunt Sir.

Sopho. Yes we heare em.

Iag. They haue gott a stick of fiddles; and they firke it.

in

in wondrous wayes, the two grand Capitaines
(that brought the auxiliary regiments)
dance with their coates tuckt up to their bare brachis,
and bid the Kingdome kisse 'em; that's the burden,
they haue got Metheglin and audacious ale
and talke like Tyrants

Petro. How knowest thou?

Iag. I pcept in at a loose lanskett.

Tra. Harke.

Petro. A song, pray you silence.

Moro. They looke out

Petru. Good eun Ladys.

Mari. good you good eun, Sir.

Petru. How haue you slept to night?

Mari. Exceeding well Sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Mari. No beleue me, I neuer thought vpon you.

Country. Is that he?

Bian. Yes.

Country. Sir.

Soph. She has drunck hard, marke her hood.

Country. you are.

Sopho. Learned druncke, He hang els, lett her vtter.

Country. And I must tell you vna voce freind,
a very foolish fellow.

Fran. There's an ale-figure

Petru. I thanke you Susan Brotes

Citty. forward Sister

Country. You haue espoused here a hearty woman, comly and courageous.

Petru. Well I haue so.

Country. E' to the comfort of distressed damzell's

Song

*Enter aboute Maria
Bianca, a Citty wife,
a Country wife, and 3 Women.*

Women

Women outworne in wedlock, and such vessels,
 this woman has defide you.

Petru It should seeme so

Country and why?

Petru y^es, can you tell?

Country for 13 causes.

Petru Pray by your patience M^r

Cittie forward Sister.

Petru Doe you meane to treate of all this?

Cittie who shall lett hir?

Petru Doe you heare weluet hood, we come not now
 to heare your doctrine.

Country for the first I take it
 it doth deuide it selfe in 7 branches.

Petru Marke good you good Maria,
 haue you gott a cathochiser here?

Fra Good zeale

Sopho good 3 pilld predication will you peace,
 and haue the cause we come for.

Country y^es bobtailes
 wee know the cause you came for, here's the cause
 but neuer hope to carry her, neuer dreame
 or flatter your opinions, with a thought
 of base repentance in her.

Cittie Giue me sack,
 by this, and next strong ale.

Country I sweare forward Sister.

Cittie By all that's cordiall in this place weele bury
 our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and eun all
 that yet euer was chronicle of woman,
 but this braue wench, this excellent dispiser.

this bone

This bone of dull obedience, shall inherit
 hir liberall will, and march of with condations
 noble and worth hir selfe.

Country She shall Tom tylers
 and braue ones too, my ^{hood} shall make a hearse cloth
 and I ly vnder it like Ioane of Gaunt
 ere I goe; leese my distaffe stuck vp by me
 for the eternall trophie of my conquests,
 and lowd fame at my head, with too manie bottels
 shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
 of old Don Gillian.

Cittie Yet a little further,
 We haue taken armes in rancor of this Lady
 most Iust and noble, if ye beat vs off
 without condations, and we recant, we recant
 we vs as we deserue, and first degrade vs
 of all our ancient chambering, next that
 the Symbols of our secreteie, silke stockings
 hewgh of our heeles, our petticoates of armes
 teare of our bodies, and our bodkins breake
 ouer our Coward heads.

Country And euer after
 to make the tainture most notorious
 at all our creastes, videliet our plackets,
 lett laces hang, and we returne againe,
 into our former titles, Dayrie maydes.

Petru No more warres puissant Ladies, shew condations
 and freely I accept em.

Mari Call he in Liua
 shee is in the treatie too.

Moro How Liua.

Mari Heard you that Sir,

Enter Liua above.

Petro. There's the conditions for you, pray peruse 'em.
Yes, there she is, 't had been no right rebellion
had she held off, what thinke you man?

Moro. Nay nothing
I haue enough oth prospect, o my conscience,
the worlds end, and the goodnes of a woman
will come together.

Petro. Are you there sweet Lady?

Luia Cry you mercie Sir, I saw you not, your blessing

Petro. Y's when I blesse a jade that stumbles with me.
How are the articles?

Luia This is for you Sir.
and I shall thinke vpon't,

Moro. You haue v'd me finely

Luia There is no other v're of thee now extant
but to be hung v'p cassock, cap, and all
for some strange monster at Apothecaries.

Petro. I heare you whore.

Luia. It must be his then,
for need will then compell me,

Citty Blessing on thee.

Petro. There's no talking to em;
How are they Sir?

Petro. As I expreted, libertie and clothes
when and in what way she will continuall monies,
Companie, and all the house at her dispose,
No tongue to say why is this? or whether will it?
New coaches and some buildings she appoints here
hangings, and hunting hortes, and for plate
and h'wels for her priuate v're, I take it
two thousand pounds in present, then for musick
and women to read french.

Petro. This must

as when Andrea liud.
Cun. w. If ye doe tuggle
or alter but a letter of this creed
we haue sett downe; the selfe same persecution

Mari. Mistrust him not.

Petro. By all my honestie

ACTS III. Scena j.^{ma}.
Enter Rowland & Francis.
Fran. Come ye shall take my counsell.

Rowland

Petro. There's the conditions for you, pray peruse 'em.
Yes, there she is, I had been no right rebellion
had she held off, what thinke you man?

Moro. Nay nothing
I haue enough o'th prospect, o' my conscience,
the worlds end, and the goodnes of a woman

Petro. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end, a clause put in,
that Liuia shall by no man be importund
this whole month yet to marry.

Petro. This is monstrous.

Petruc. This shall be done; I'll humor her a while,
if nothing but repentance, and undoing
can win her loue, I'll make a shift for one.

Sopho. When ye are once a bed, all these conditions
by vnder your owne scale.

Mari. Doe y^e like 'em.

Petru. Yes,
and by that faith I gaue ye for the priest
I'll ratifie 'em

Coun. w. Stay, what pledges?

Mari. No,
I'll take that oath, but haue a care ye keepe it.

City w. 'Tis not now

as when

no tongue to say why is this: or whether will it
New coaches and some buildings she appoints here
hangings, and hunting horses, and for plate
and Jewels for her priuate use, I take it
two thousand pounds in present, then for musick
and women to read french.

Petro. This must

Coun. w. as when Andrea liud.
If ye doe tuggle
or alter but a letter of this creed
we haue sett downe; the selfe same persecution

Mari. Mistrust him not.

Petru. By all my honestie

Mari. Enough, I'yeeld.

Petro. What's this
inserted here?

Soph. That the two valiant women, that command here,
Shall haue a supper made 'em, and a large one,
and liberall entertainment without grudging,
and pay for all their souldiers.

Petru. That shall be too,
and if a tunne of wine will serue to pay 'em
they shall haue iustice, I ordaine ye all
pay masters gentlemen.

Tra. Then we shall haue sport boyes.

Mari. We'll meat ye in the parlor.

Petru. Neuer looke sad Sir, for I will do it

Soph. There's no danger int.

Petru. for Liuia's article, you shall obserue it,
I haue tyd my selfe.

Petron. I will.

Petruc. Along then, now
either I breake, or this stiffe plant must bow.

Exeunt.

ACTS III. Scena j.^{ma}.

Enter Rowland & Francis.

Franc. Come y^e shall take my counsell.

Rowland

Row. I shall hang first,

No no more loue, that's certaine tis a bane
next that they poyson rats with the most mortall,
no, I thanke heauen I haue gott my sleepe againe,
and now begin to write sense, I can walke ye
a long houre in my chamber, like a man,
and thinke of some thing that may better me,
some serious point of learning, or my state;
no more eye-meas, and mistrisses, Franio,
come neere my braine, He tell thee, had the diuill
but anie essence in him of a man,
and could be brought to loue, O loue a woman,
'twould make his head ake, worse then his hornes doe,
and firke him with a fire, he neuer felt yet,
would make him dance, He tell thee there is nothing
(it may be thy case Franio there fore heare me)
vnder the sunne (reckon the masse of follies
crept in to th' world with man) so desperate
so mad, so sencelesse, poore and base, so wretched,
reguie, and scurue,

Fran. Whether wilt thou Rowland?

Row. As to be in loue.

Fran. Why for heauens sake?

Row. And why for heauens sake doest thou not conceiue me?

Fran. No by my troth.

Row. Pray then and hartly,

for feare thou fall into't. He tell thee why too,
for I haue hope to saue thee when thou louest
O first beginst to worship the calfe with the white face,
Imprimis thou hast lost thy gentrie,
and like a prentice, flung away thy freedome,

forthwith.

Fran. That's a new doctrine.

Row. Next thou art no more a man.

Fran. What then?

Row. A frippery
nothing but braided hare, and pennie ribband,
gloue, garter, ring, rose, or at the best a swabber,
if thou canst loue so nere to keepe thy making,
yet thou wilt loose thy language.

Fra. Why?

Row. O Franio
those things in loue neer talke as we doe,

Fra. No?

Row. No without doubt, they sigh and shake the head
and sometimes whistle dolefully.

Fra. No tongue?

Row. Yes Franio, but no truth int, nor no reason,
and when they cant, (for tis a kind of canting)
you shall heare (if you reach to vnderstand em
which you must be a foole first or you cannot)
such gibberish, such belicue me, I protest sweet
O oh deare heauens, in wth such constellations
raignes at the birthes of louers; this is too well;
and daigne me Ladie, daigne me I beseech ye
your poore vnworthy lumpe, and then she like him.

Fra. O pox ont, this is nothing.

Row. Thou hast hit it,
then talkes shee ten times worse, and wryes, and wriggles,
as though she had the itch, (and so it may be.)

Fran. Of what religion are they.

Row. Good old catholikes,

they deale

they deale by interest: men all, they keepe
 a kind of house hold Gods, call'd chamber-maides,
 which being pray'd to, and their offerings brought,
 w^h are in gold, yet some obserue the old law
 and giue em flesh: probatum est, you shall haue
 as good loue for your monie, and as tydie
 as ere you turn'd your leggs ore, and that ended,

Tra. Why thou art growne a strange discoverer
 Row. Of mine owne follies Tranio
 Tran. Wilt thou Rowland
 certaine nere loue againe,
 Row. I thinke so certaine,
 and if I be not dead drunke, I shall keepe it.
 Tran. Tell me but this, what dost thou thinke of woman.
 Row. Why as I thinke of fiddles, they delight me
 till their strings breake.
 Tran. What strings?
 Row. their modesties,
 faithes, vowes, and maiden heads, for they are like kits
 they haue but foure strings to 'em.
 Tran. What wilt thou
 giue me for ten pounds now, when thou next louest
 & the same woman still.
 Row. Giue me the monie,
 a hundred, an my bond for't.
 Tran. But pray heare me:
 He worke all means I can to reconcile ye.
 Row. Doe, doe giue me the monie.
 Tran. There.
 Row. Worke Tranio.
 Tran. You shall goe sometimes where she is.

Row. yet

Row. Yes, straight,
 this is the first good I ere got by woeman.
 Tran. You would thinke it strange now if another beauty
 as good as hers, say better.
 Row. Well.
 Tran. Conceale me
 this is no point o'th wager,
 Row. That's all one
 Tra. Loue ye as much or more then she now hates ye.
 Row. 'Tis a good hearing, lett em loue, ten pounds more
 I neuer loue that woman.
 Tran. There it is,
 and so a hundred if ye loose,
 Row. 'Tis done,
 haue ye another to put in.
 Tra. No more Sir.
 Row. I am very sorrie, now will I erect
 a new game, and goe hate footeball, I am sure
 I am in excellent case to win.
 Tra. I must haue leaue
 to tell ye, and tell truth to what she is,
 and what she suffers for you.
 Row. Ten pounds more
 I neuer beleue yse.
 Tra. No Sir I am stinted.
 Row. Well take your best way then.
 Tra. Let's walke, I am glad
 your sullen feauer's off.
 Row. Shalt see me Tranio
 a monstrous merry man now, let's to y^r wedding,
 & as we goe tell me the generall hurly

of these

of these mad wenches, and their workes.
 Fra. I will.
 Row. E' doo thy worst.
 Fra. Something ite doe.
 Row. Doe Franio. — *Exeunt*
Enter Pedro & Jaques.

Pedro. A paire of stockes bestride 'em, are they gone?

Jaques. Y'es, they are gone, and all the pans ith towne
 beating before 'em; what strange admonitions
 they gaue my M^r and how fearefully
 they threatend if he broke em,

Ped. A my conscience,
 has found his full match now.

Jaq. That I beleue to.

Ped. How did she entertaine him,

Jaq. She lookt on him,

Ped. But scurvily

Jaq. faith with no great affection
 that I saw, and I heard some say she kist him,
 but 'twas upon a treatie, and some copie's
 say but her cheek.

Ped. faith Jaques what wouldst thou giue
 for such a wife now?

Jaq. full as many prayers
 as the most Zealous puritaine conceiues
 out of the meditation of fat veale,
 or birds of prey, cram'd capons, against players,
 and to as good a tune to, but against her,
 that heauen would blesse me from her; marke it Pedro
 if this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
 with the foundation vpward, I'll be carted.

my comfort

My comfort is yet, that these Amorites
 that came to back her cause, those heathen whores
 had their hoods hallow'd with sacke.

Ped. How deuilish drunke they were.

Jaq. And how they tumbled. Pedro; didst marke
 the countie Caucero?

Ped. Out upon her
 how she turn'd downe the Bragett.

Jaq. I that runck her.

Pedro. That drinke was well put to her, what a Summersett
 when the chaire fell, she fetcht, with her heeles vpward,

Jaq. And what a peece of landship she discouerd

Pedro. Didst marke her when her hood fell in the possett.

Jaq. Y'es and there rid, like a dutch hoy, the tumbrell
 when she had gott her ballasse.

Pedro. That I saw too.

Jaques. How fayne she would haue drawne on Sophocles
 to come aboard, and how she simper'd it.

Pedro. I warrant her she has been a worthy striker.

Jaq. Ith heate of Summer there had been some hope on't,
 for then old woemen are coole cellars.

Pedro. Hang her.

Jaq. She offer'd him a Harry groat, and belcht out
 her stomach being blown with ale, such courtship
 vpon my life has giun him twenty stooles since,
 beleue my calculation, these old woemen
 when they are tippl'd, and a little heated
 are like new whedles, they'll rere you all the towne ore.
 till they be greaz'd.

Pedro. The City cinque-a pace,
 Dame tost and butter had her bob too.

Jaques.

Jag. Yes,
but she was sullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a spoon; my Master
I do not like his look, I feare h'as fasted,
for all this preparation, let's steale by him.

Enter Petruchio. Sophocles.

Soph. Not lett you touch her all this night.

Petru. Not touch her.

Sopho. Where was your courage.

Petru. Where was his obedience?

Neuer poore man was sham'd so, neuer rascall,
that keepes a studd of whores was w'd so basely.

Sopho. Pray tell me one thing truly, doe you loue her?

Petru. I would I did not vpon that condition
I had past thee halfe my land.

Soph. It may be then
her modestie requir'd a litle violence,
some woemen loue to struggle.

Petro. She had it
and so much that I sweat for't, so I did,
but to no end, I wash an Ethiopie,
she swore my force might wearie her, but win her
I neuer cood nor should, till she consented,
and I might take her booy prisoner,
but for her mind or appetite?

Sopho. 'Tis strange,
this woman is the first I euer read of
refused a warranted occasion,
and standing on so faire termes.

Petru. I shall quight her,

Sopho. W'd you no more art?

Exeunt

Petru. Yes, I swore vnto her
and by no litle ones, if present by
without more disputation of the matter
she grew not neerer to me, and dispatch'd me
out of the paine I was. (for I was nettled)
and willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would to her chamber mayoe, and in her hearing
begin her such a hunts vp.

Sop. Then she startled?

Petru. No more then I doo now, marry she answers,
if I were so dispos'd she could not helpe it,
but there was one call'd Jaques, a poore botler
one that might well content a single woman.

Sop. And he should tell her?

Petra. To that sence, and last
she bad me yet these six monthes looke for nothing
nor strive to purchase it, but faire good night,
and so good morrow, and a kisse or two
to close my stomach, for her vow had seal'd it,
and she would keepe it constant.

Sopho. Stay, stay,
was she so when you wooed her,

Petru. Nothing Sophocles
more kindly eager, I was oft afraid
shee had been light and easie, shee would shewre
her kises so vpon me.

Sopho. Then I feare
another spoke is ith wheele.

Petru. Now, thou hast found me
there gnawes my diuell, Sophocles, o patience
preserue me that I make her not example

Petru. 3p5

by some

by some unworthy way, as fleaying her
boyling, or making veruice, drying her,
Soph. I heare her.

Petru. Marke her then, and see the heire
of spight and prodigalitie, she has studied
a way to beggar's both, and by this hand
she shall be if I live a doxy —

Soph. fy Sir.

Mari. I doe not like that dressing, 'tis too poore,
lett me haue 6 gold laces broad and massy
and betwixt every lace a rich embroderie,
line the gowne through with plush perfum'd and purple,
all the sleeves downe with pearles

Petru. What thinke you Sophocles

In what point stands my state now?

Ma. for these hangings

lett em be carried where I gaue appointment
they are too base for my use, and bespeake
new peeces, of the ciuill warres of Fraunce,
lett em be large and liuely, and all silke worke,
the borders gold.

Soph. I marrie Sir this cutte it.

Mar. That fouretene yards of satten, giue my woman
I doe not like the coulour, 'tis to ciuill,
there's too much silk ith lace too; tell the dutchman
that brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
another suite of horses, and by all meanes
ten cast of hawkes for th' riuer, I much care not
what price they beare, so they be sound and flying.
for the next winter I am for the country
and meane to take my pleasure where's the horseman?

Petr. He

Maria at y^e doore
wth Seruants.

Petru. She meanes to ride a great horse.

Soph. With a side saddle?

Petru. Yes, and shal runne a tilt within this twelue month.

Mari. To morrow, He begin to learne, but pray Sir
haue a great care he be an easie doer,
twill spoyle a scholar else.

Soph. An easie doer, did you heare that?

Petru. Yes, I shall meete her morales
ere it be long I feare not.

Mari. O good morrow

Sop. Good morrow Lady, how ist now?

Mari. Faith sickly
this house stands in an ill aire.

Petr. Yet more chargis.

Mari. Subiect to rote and rhumes, out on't, 'tis nothing
but a tild fog.

Petru. What thinke you of the lodge then?

Mar. I like the seate, but 'tis too litle, Sophocles,
lett me haue your opinion, thou hast iudgement.

Petru. 'Tis very well.

Maria. What if I pluck it downe,
& built a square vpon it with two courtes
still rising from the Entrance?

Petru. What if I pluck it downe, And ith midst, a colledge, for y^e young scoldes.

Mar. & to the southward
take in a garden of some 20. acres,
and cast it of the Italian fashion hanging.

Petru. And you could cast your selfe so too. Pray Lady
will not this cost much monie.

Mari. Some fivethous and.
say six, He haue it batteld too.

Petr. &

Petru. O guilt, Maria,
this is a fearefull course you take, pray thinke on't.
you are a woman now, a wife, and his
that must in honestie, looke for
some due obedience from you.

Mari. That bare word
shall cost you manie a pound more, build vpon't.
tell me of due obedience; what's a husband
what are we married for, to carrie sumpters?
are we not one peice with you, and as worthe
our owne intentions, as you yours?

Petr. Pray heare me.

Mari. Take two small drops of water, equall way'd,
tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
first to descend in dutie.

Petru. You mistake me,
I urge not seruice from you, nor obedience
in way of duty, but of loue and credit,
all I expect is but a noble care
of what I haue brought you, and of what I am
and what our name may be.

Maria. That's in my making.

Petru. 'Tis true, it is so.

Mari. Yes it is, Petruchio,
for there was neuer man without our molding,
without our stampe vpon him, and our Justice
left anie thing three ages after him
good, and his owne.

Sopho. Good lady vnderstand him.

Mari. I doe to much, good Sophocles, hee's one
of a most spightfull selfe condition,

neuer at

neuer at peace with anie thing, but ag-
that has no teeth left to returne his anger:
a brauery dwels in his blood yet, of abusing
his first good wife, hee's sooner fire then powder,
and sooner mischief.

Petru. If I be so suddaine
doe not you feare me?

Mar. No, nor yet care for you,
and if it may be lawfull, I defie you.

Petr. Do's this become you now?

Mar. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weake, vaine glorious woman,
were I but halfe so willfull, as thou spightfull,
I should now drag thee to thy dutie.

Mari. Drag me?

Petru. But I am friend againe, take all yo^r pleasure.

Mari. Now you perceiue him, Sophocles.

Petru. I loue thee
about thy vanitie, thou faithles creature.

Mari. Would I had been so happie when I married
but to haue met an honest man like thee,
for I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
a handsome hurtles man, a louing man,
though neuer a pennie with him, and those eyes,
that face, and that true heart: weare this for my sake,
and when thou thinkst vpon me, pittie me,
I am cast away.

Exit Maria.

Soph. Why how now man?

Petruc. Pray leaue me,
and follow your aduices.

Soph. The man's Iealous.

Pet. I

Petr. I shall find a time ere it be long to ask you
one or two foolish questions.

Soph. I shall answer
as well as I am able, when you call me.
If she means true, 'tis but a little killing,
and if I doe not venture it, rats take me.
farewell Sir. —

Exit Sophocles.

Petr. Pray farewell. Is there no keeping
a wife to one mans use? no wynting
this cattle without straying? 'tis hard dealing,
very hard dealing, gentlemen, strong dealing,
now in the name of madnes, what starre raignd
what dog starre, bull or beare starre, when I married
this second wife? this whirle wind, that tak's all
within her compasse, was I not well warn'd
(I thought I had, and I beleue I know it)
and beaten to repentance, in the dayes
of my first doting, had I not wife enough
to turne my tooles too? did I want vexation
or any speciall care to kill my heart?
had I not every morning a reave break-fast
mixt with a learned lecture of ill language
lower then Tom o' Lincolne, and at dinner
a dyet of the same dish? was there evening
that ere past over vs, without thou knaue,
or thou whore, for digestion? had I ever
a pull at this same poore sport, men run mad for,
but like a curro I was faine to shew my teeth first,
and almost worry her, and did; heauen forgie me
to take this serpent from me? I am I
keeping tame deuills now againe? my heart a-k-i-

something

Something I must doe speedily. He dye
if I can handsomely; for that's the way
to make a rascall of her: I am sick,
and He goe very neere it, but He perish.

Exit.

Enter Liuia, Bianca, Rowland
Tranio.

Liuia. Then I must be content, Sir, with my fortune.

Row. And I with mine.

Liu. I did not thinke a looke,
or a poore word or two, could haue displant'd
such a fix'd constancie, and for your end too.

Row. Come, come, I know your courses, there's your geiv-gawes,
your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you gaue me,
the monies spent in entertaining you at playes
to cherie gardens.

Liuia. There's your chaine to,
but if you'll giue me leaue, ile weare the haire still.
I would yet remember you.

Bian. Giue his loue wench
the youngman has employment for't.

Tra. fy Rowland.

Row. You cannot fy me out a hundred pound
with this pure plot; yet lett me ne'r see day more
if something doe not struggle strangely in me.

Bian. Young man lett me talke with you,

Row. Well young man.

Bian. This was your Mistris once?

Row. Yes.

Bian. Are ye honest?

I see you are young and handome.

Row. I am honest.

Bian. Why

Bian. Why that's well said, and there's no doubt your iudgement
is good enough, and strong enough to tell you
who are yo^r foes and freinds; why did you leaue her?

Row. She made a puppy of me.

Bian. Be that graunted,
she must doe so sometimes, and oftentimes,
loue were too sericus els.

Row. A witty woman.

Bian. Had ye loued me.

Row. I would I had,

Bian. & dearly,
& I had loued you so, you may loue worre Sir,
but that is not materiall.

Row. I shall loose,

Bian. Some time or other, for variety
I should haue call'd ye foole, or boy, or bid ye
play with the pages; but haue lou'd you still,
out of all question, and extremely too,
you are a man made to be loued.

Row. This woman

either abuses me, or loues me dearly.

Bian. He tell you nothing, if I were to choose
a husband to my owne mind, I should thinke
one of your mothers making would content me,
for a my conscience she gets good ones.

Row. Lady
He leaue you to your commendations,
I am in againe the deuill take their tongues.

Bian. You shall not goe.

Row. I will yet thus far Liua
your sorrow may induce me to forgive ye,

but neuer

but neuer loue againe. If I stay longer,
I haue lost two hundred pound.

Liua. Good Sir, but thus much.

Tran. Turne if thou beest a man.

Liua. But one kisse of ye,
One parting kisse, and I am gone to.

Row. Come
I shall kisse so. pound away at this clap. —
wee'll haue one more, and then fare well. —

Liua. farewell, Sir

Bian. Well goe thy wayes, thou beart a kind hart with thee.

Tran. Has made a stand.

Bian. A noble braue young fellow
worthy a wench indeed.

Row. I will — I will not. —

Exit Rowland.

Tran. 'Is gone, but shot againe, play you but your part
and I will keepe my promise, 40 Angels
in faire gold lady to wipe your eyes; hee's yours
if I haue anie witt,

Liua. He pay the forfeit.

Bian. Come then let's see your sister, how she faares now
after her skirmish, and be sure Moroso —
be kept in good hand then all's perfect, Liua —

Exeunt.

Enter Pedro & Iaques.

Pedro. O Iaques, Iaques, what becomes of vs
o my sweet Master.

Iaques. Runne for a Physition,
and a whole peck of pothecaries Pedro,
he will dye didle didle dye if they come not quickly,
and bring all Emphyricks straight and Mountebanks
Skilfull in lungs and liuers, raise the neighbours,

Es all y^e

Of all the aqua vite bottles extant,
and o the parson, Pedro, o the parson!
a little of his comfort, neuer so little,
twenty to one you find him at the bush
there's the best ale.

Pedro. I fly. — Exit Pedro.
Enter Maria. Seruants carrying out household stuffe
Trunks.

Maria. Out with the trunks, ho.
Why are you idle Sirra, up to y^e chamber,
and take the hangings downe, and see the linnen
packt up and sent away within this halfe houre;
what are the carts come yet, some honest body
helpe downe the chests of plate, and some the wardrobe;
alas we are undone else.

Iag. Pray forsooth
and I beseech you tell me, is a dead yet?

Maria. No, but is drawing on, out with the armor.

Iag. Then He goe see him.

Mari. Thou art undone then fellow
no man that has been neere him come neere me.

Soph. Why how now Lady, what meanes this?

Petron. Now daughter,
how does my sonne,

Maria. Saue all ye can for heauens sake.

Liui. Be of good comfort, Sister.

Mari. O my casket.

Petron. How does thy husband woman?

Mari. Gett ye gone.

Petro. if you haue a care to saue your liues, the sicknesse,
Stand further of I prethee,

Maria. Is

Maria. Is it h house, Sir.
my husband has it now, and raues extremely.
giue some counsell, freinds.

Bian. Why locke the doores vp,
and send him in a woman to attend him.

Mari. I haue bespoke two woemen, and the Citie
has sent a watch. I thanke em, meate nor monie
he shall not want, nor prayers.

Petro. How long is't since it first tooke him — Enter y^e Watchmen.

Maria. But within this 3 houres,
I am frighted from my wits, my freinds, the watch.
pray doe your office, lock the doores vp fast,
and patience be his Angell. — they lock the
doore.

Iran. This comes vnlookt for.

Mari. He to the lodge; some that are kind, and loue me,
I know will visit me.

Petruch wth. Doe you heare my masters: you that lock the doores vp.

Petro. 'Tis his voyce.

Iran. hold, and let's heare him

Petruc. Will ye starue me here?
am I a traytor, or an heretique,
or am I growne infectious?

Petro. Pray Sir, pray.

Petru. I am as well as you are goddman puppye

Maria. Pray haue patience,
you shall want nothing, Sir.

Petru. I want a cudgell,
and thee thou wickednesse.

Petro. He speakes well enough.

Mari. Had euer a strong heart Sir.

Petruc. Will ye heare me; first be pleas'd

to thinke

To thinke I know ye all, and can distinguish
euery mans seuerall voice; you that spoke first
I know my father in law: the other Franio,
and I heard Sophocles; the last, pray marke me,
is my damid wife Maria; gentlemen,
Death, gentlemen, doe you make a may game on me,
I tell you once againe, I am as sound
as well, as wholesome, and as sensible
as anie of ye all; lett me out quickly,
or as I am a man; He beate the walls downe,
E the first thing I light vpon, shall pay for't.

Petro. fetch a Doctor presently,
and if he can doe no good on him, he must to Bedlam.

Petru. Will it please ye open?

Franio His fitt growes stronger still.

Mari. Let's saue our selues, hee's past all
worldly cure.

Petro. freinds do your office,
and what he wants, if monie, loue, or labour,
or anie way may win it, lett him haue it.
farewell, and pray my honest freinds. —

Exeunt.

Petru. Why rascals, manent Watchmen.
freinds, gentlemen, thou beastly wife, Iagues,
none heare me? who's at the doore there?

1. Watch. Thinke I pray Sir
Whether ye are going, and prepare yo^r selfe.

2. Watch. These idle thoughts disturbe ye,
the good gentlewoman yo^r wife has taken care
ye shall want nothing.

Petru. The blessing of her grandame Eue light on her,
nothing but thin fig leaues to hide her Inquerry.

shall I

shall I come out in quiet, answere me,
or shall I charge a fowling peece, and make
mine owne waye? two of ye I cannot misse,
If I misse three; ye come here to assault me.

1. Watch. There's onions roasting for your sore, Sir.

Petru. People.

I am as excellent well, I thanke heauen for't
and haue as good a stomach at this instant,

2. Watch. That's an ill signe.

1. Watch. He drawes on, hee's a dead man.

Petru. And sleepe as soundly, will ye looke vpon me?

1. Watch. Doe ye want pen and inke; while ye haue sence, Sir,
settle your state.

Petru. Sirs I am as well as you are,
or anie rascall liuing.

1. Watch. Would ye were, Sir.

Petru. Look to your selues, and if ye loue your lifes
open the doore and fly me, for I shoote else,
If ye are He shoot, and presently, chaine bullets,
E vnder foure, I will not kill.

2. Watch. Let's quit him,

It may be 'tis a trick.

1. Watch. The diuill take the hindmost I cry. — Exeunt running.

Enter Petruchio with a peece, and forces the doore
open.

Petru. Haue among ye
the doore shall open too; He haue a faire shot
are all gon, tricks in my old dayes, crackers
put now vpon me? and by lady greene, sleeues?
am I growne so tame after all my triumphs?
but that I should be thought mad; If I rail'd

as much

as much as they deserve against these women
 I would now rip up from the primative cuckold
 all their arch-villanies, and all their doubts
 which are more then a hunted hare ere thought on;
 when a man has the fairest and the sweetest
 of all their sexe, and as he thinks the noblest,
 what has he then? He speake modestly,
 he has a quartane ague, that shall shake
 all his estate to nothing, neuer curd,
 nor neuer dying, has a ship to venture
 his fame and credit in, which if man not
 with more continuall labour then a gally
 to make her tith, either she growes a thumbrell
 not worth the cloth she weares, or springs more leaks
 then all the fame of his posteritie,
 can ever stopp againe: out on'em hedge hoggs,
 he that shall touch'em has a thousand thornes
 runnes through his fingers: if I were unmarried
 I would doe anie thing below repentance,
 anie base dunghill slauerie, be a hangman
 ere I would be a husband: o the thousand,
 thousand ten thousand wayes they haue to kill vs.
 some fall with to much stringing of the fiddles,
 and those are fooles; some that they are not sufferd
 and those are maudlin louers, some like scorpions
 they poison with their tayles, and those are martyrs;
 some dye with doing good, those benefactors,
 and leaue'em land to leape away; some few
 for these are rarest, they are said to kill
 with kindnesse and faire usage; but what they are
 my catalogue discovers not; only 'tis thought

they are

they are buried in old walls, with their heeles upward,
 I could rayle twenty dayes together now,
 He seeke'em out, and if I haue not reason
 Every sensible, why this was done
 He goe a birding yet, and some shall smart for't.

Exit.

ACT III. Scene I^{ma}.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques & Pedro.

Jaques. And as I told your worship, all the hangings,
 brasse, pewter plate, euen to y^e very pispots.

Pedro. & that that hung for our defence, the armor
 and the march beere was going to, o Jaques
 what a sad sight was that?

Jaq. Euen the two rundlets
 the two that was our hope of Muscadell
 better nere lounge tipt ouer those 2 canons
 to batter brauue withall at Christ mas, Sir,
 euen these two louely twins, the enemies
 had almost cut off cleane.

Petru. Goe trim the house vp,
 and put the things in order as they were.
 I shall find time for all this; could I find her,
 but constant anie way, I had done my business;
 were sho a whore directly, or a scold,
 an vnthrift, or a woman made to hate me
 I had my wish, and knew which way to rayne her;
 but while sho shewes all these, and all their losses,
 a kind of linsey woolsey mingled mischief,
 not to be ghest at, and whether true or borrowed

Enter Maria / Enter not certaine neither, what a hap had I?
 & what a tydio fortune? when my fate

Enter Maria.

flung me.

flung me upon this beare whelpo? Here she comes,
Now if she haue a coulor for this fault
a cleanly one, upon my conscience
I shall forgiue her yet, and find a something
certaine, I married for her witt. No marke her.

Maria. Not lett his wife come neere him, in his sickness.
not come to comfort him, she that all lawes
of heauen and nations haue ordained his second,
is she refused? and the two old paradoxes
peeces of five and fifty without faith
clapt in upon him, has a little pett
that all young wiues must follow necessary
hauiug their maiden heads.

Petru. This is an axiome
I neuer heard before.

Maria. Or say rebellion,
if we durst be so foule, wth too faire words,
alas ^{would} we from, in an houre, an instant,
we are so easie, made him so forgetfull
both of his reason, honestie, and credit,
as to denie his wife a visitation,
his wife, that though she was a little foolish
loued him (o heauen forgiue her for't) nay doted
nay had run mad, had she not married him.

Petru. Though I doe know this falser then the deuill,
I cannot chuse but loue it.

Maria. What doe I know
but those that come to keepe him might haue kild him,
in what case had I been then, I dare not
beleue him such a base debauched companion,
that one refusall of a tender mayde

would make

would make him faine this sickness out of neede,
and take a keeper to him of foure score
to play at billiards, one that mewde content
e^s all her teeth together, not to come neere him.

Petru. This woman would haue made a most rare Jesuite,
she can preuaricate on anie thing,
there was not thought a way to saue her
in all imagination, beside this.

Maria. His unkind meaning, w^{ch} was worst of all,
in sending heauen knowes ^{with the} ~~away~~ all the plate,
and all the household stuffe, had I not crost it
by a great prouidence, and my friends assistance,
which he will thanke me one day for,
I could haue watch as well, as they haue scould him
in anie use better and willinge.

the law commands me doe it, loue commands me,
and my owne duty charges me.

Petru. Heauen blesse me,
and now I haue said my prayers, He goes to hir.
Are you a wife for anie man?

Maria. For you Sir.
If I were worse, I were better; that ye are well,
(at least that ye appeare so) I thanke heauen,
long may it hold, and that you are here, I am glad to.
but that you haue abus'd me wretchedly
e^s such a way that shames the name of husband,
such a malicious mangie way, so mingled,
(neuer looke strangely on me, I dare tell you)
with breath of honestie, care, kindnesse, manners.

Petru. Hollo, ye kick to fast.

Maria. Was I a stranger,

or had I

or had I vowed perdition to your person,
am I not married to you, tell me that?

Petru. I would I could not tell you.

Mari. Is my presence,
the stocke I come of, which is worshipfull,
if I should say right worshipfull, I lyed not
my grand sire was a Knight;

Petru. a' th sheire

Mari. A soldier
which none of all thy family ere heard off,
but one conductor of thy name, a grasier,
that runne away with pay; or am I growne
because I have been a little peevish to you
only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,
I could not be admitted to your presence.

Petru. If I endure this, hang me.

Mari. E' two deaths heads
two Harry groates that had their faces worne,
almost their names too.

Petru. Now heare me,
for I will stay no longer.

Mari. This you shall,
how ever you shall thinke to flatter me,
for this offence, which no submission
can ever mediate for: you'l find it so,
what ever ye shall doe by intercession,
what ye can offer, what your land can purchase,
what all your freinds or families can win
shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge.

Petru. Thou art

Petru. Thou art y^e subtlest woman. I thinke living
I am sure the lowdest; now be still and marke me,
were I but any way addicted to the diuell,
I should now thinke I had met a play fellow
to profit by, and that way the most learned
that ever taught to murmur: tell me thou,
thou most poore, pauline, spightfull whore, do you crye,
I'll make you cry roare before I leave
Your pleasure.

Mari. Your pleasure.

Petru. Was it not sinne enough, thou fruiterer
full of the fall thou eatst, thou diuell's broker,
thou seminarie of all sedition,
thou sword of vengeance, with a thred hung ore vs;
was it not sinne enough, and wickednesse
in full abundance, was it not vexation
at all points cap a pe, nay I shall pinch ye
thus like a rotten rascall, to abuse
the name of heaven, the eye of marriage,
the honor of thy freinds, the expectation
of all that thought thee vertuous, with rebellion,
childish and base rebellion, but continue
after forgiveness too, and worse, your mischiefes,
and against him, setting the hope of heaven by,
E' the deare reservation of his Honor,
nothing above ground cood have wonne to hate thee,
We'll goe thy wayes.

Mari. Yes.

Petru. You shall heare me out first,
what punishment maist thou deserve, though thing
thou idle thing of nothing, thou pulld primrose
that two houres after art a weed, and witherd

for this

for this last flourish on me? am I one
selected out of all the husbands living.
to be so ridden by a Tit of ten pence
am I so blind and bed-ridden? I was mad
I had the plague, and no man must come neere me,
I must be shut up, and my substance beazeld,
and an old woman watch me.

Mari. Well Sir, well
you may glorie in't.

Petru. When it comes to opening, 'tis my plot
I must vndoe my selfe forsooth, doost heare me,
if I should beate thee now as much as may be
doost thou not well deserue it; o thy conscience,
doost thou not cry come beate me.

Mari. I defie you, and my last louing teares farewell; the first stroke
tho very first you giue me, if you dare strike,
try me, and you shall find it so, for euer,
neuer to be recalld. I know you loue me,
Mad tell you haue enjoy'd me; doe I turne
utterly from you, and what man I meet first
that has a spiritt to deserue a fauour,
lett him beare anie shape, the worse the better.
shall kill you, and enioy me; what I haue said
about your foolish sicknesse, ere you haue me,
as you would haue me, you shall sweare is certaine,
and challenge anie man that dares denie it,
and in all companies approue my actions,
I so farewell for this time, —

Exit.

Petru. Griefe goe with thee,
if there be anie witch-crafts, herbes, or potions,
saying my prayers backwards, fiends or furies,

that can

That can againe vnloue me, I am a man.

Exit.

Enter Bianca & Tranio

Tran. Faith M^r you must doe it.

Bian. Are the writings readie
I told ye?

Tran. Yes they are readie,
but to what use I know not.

Bian. You are an asse,
you must haue all things conser'd.

Tran. Yes, and perced to
or I finde a little pleasure.

Bian. Now you are knauish,
goe to, fetch Rowland hether presently,
your twenty pounds lys bleeding else, she is married
within these 12 houres if we cross it not,
and see the papers of one rize.

Tran. I haue yee.

Bian. I for disposing of them.

Tran. If I faile ye
now I haue found the way, use martiall law
and cut my head off with a hand saw.

Bian. Well Sir,
Petronius and Moroso He see sent for
about your busines, goe.

Tran. I am gone. —

Bian. Ho, Luia!

Luia. Who's that?

Bian. A freind of yours: Lord! how you looke now
as if you had lost a carricke.

Luia. O Bianca!

I am

Exit.
Enter Luia.

Bian. I am the most undone unhappie woman.
Be quiet wench, thou shalt be done, and done,
and done, and double done, or all shall split for it:
no more of these mixed passions, they are maney,
and ease thee of nothing but a little wind,
an apple will doe more, thou fearest moroso.

Livia. Ene, as I feare the gallows.

Bian. Keepe thee there still,
and you loue Rowland say

Livia. If I say not
I am sure I lye.

Bian. What wouldst thou giue that woman,
in spite of all his anger and thy feare,
and all thy fathers policie, that could
clap ye within these two nights quietly
into a bed together.

Livia. How?

Bian. Why fairely
at halfe sword man and wife, now the red blood comes,
I marry, now the matters chang'd.

Livia. Biancha
me thinks you should not mocke me.

Bian. Mocke a pudding.
I speake good honest English, and good meaning.

Livia. I should not be vngratefull to that woman.

Bian. I know thou wouldst not, follow but my counsell:
and if thou hast him not despiht of fortune,
lett me nere know a good night more; you must
be very ricke atth instant.

Livia. Well what follows?

Bian. E in that sicknesse and for all your friends,

your

your father, and your feuer old Moroso,
and Rowland shall be there to.

Livia. What of this?

Bian. Doe ye not twitter yet, of this shall follow
that that shall make thy heart leape, & thy lips
ventur as manie kisses as the marchants
doe dollars to the East Indies: you shall know all,
but first walke in and practise, pray ye be sick

Livia. I doe beleue ye, and I am sicke.

Bian. So,
to bed then come, He send away your seruants
post for your foole and father, and good fortune,
as we meane honestly, now strike an vpshot.

Exeunt.

Enter Tranio and Rowland

Tran. Nay a my conscience, I haue lost my monie,
but that's all one, He neuer more persuaide ye,
I see you are resolute, and I commend ye.

Row. But did she send for me,

Tran. Yes dare beleue me.

Row. I cannot tell, you haue wayes for profit
allow'd ye Tranio, as well as I
haue to auoid them.

Tran. No I protest Sir
I deale directly with ye.

Row. How now, fellow,
whether post you so fast?

Serv. O Sir, my master,
pray did you see my Master,

Row. Why your Master?

Serv. My pretty M^{rs} Livia,

Row. What of her?

Enter Seruants,

Serv. O Sir

Serv. O Sir, his jewell
 Row. With the gilded button
 Serv. Is fallen sicke, ath suddain
 Row. How ath sullens.
 Serv. Ath' sudden, Sir, I say, and very sicke,
 Row. It seems she hath got the tooth-ache
 with raw apples.
 Serv. It seems you have got the headache; fare ye well, Sir,
 you did not see my Master.
 Row. Who told you so?
 Tra. No, no, he did not see him. ——— Exit Servant.
 Row. Farewell blew bottell.
 What should her sickness bee?
 Tra. For you it may be.
 Row. Y^es, when my braines are out, I may beleue it,
 neuer before I am sure; yet I may see her
 'twill be a point of honestie.
 Tra. It will so.
 Row. It may be not too; you would faine be fingring
 this od sinne offering of two hundred, Franio,
 how daintly and cunningly you drive me
 up like a deere to the toyle; yet I may leape it,
 and what's the woodman then?
 Fran. A looser by ye.
 speake will you goe, or not, to me'tis equall.
 Row. Come, what goes lesse?
 Tra. Nay, not a pinnie Rowland.
 Row. Shall I have libertie of conscience,
 which by interpretation is ten kisses,
 hang me if I affect her; yet it may be,
 this whorson manners will require a struggling

of 22.

of two and twenty, or birlady thirty.
 Tra. Birlady Ile require my wager then,
 for if you kine so often, and no kindnesse
 I have lost my speculation, Ile allow ye.
 Row. Speake like a gamester now.
 Tra. It may be two.
 Row. Under a dozen Franio there's no setting,
 you shall have fourthy shillings, winke at small faults,
 say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest,
 I doe it but to vex her.
 Tra. Ile no by blowes,
 if you can loue her, doe, if ye can hate her,
 or anie else that loues ye.
 Row. Prethee Franio.
 Tra. Why farewell 20 pound, twill not vndoe me
 you haue my resolution.
 Row. And your monie.
 wth, since you are so stubborne; if I forsaet
 make me a jack a lent, and breake my shins,
 for vntag'd points and counters, Ile goe with you,
 butt if thou gett'st a penny by y^e bargaine,
 a parting kisse is lawfull.
 Tra. I allow it.
 Row. Knock out my braines with apples, yet a bargaine.
 Tra. I tell you Ile no bargaine, win and weare it.
 Row. Thou art the strangest fellow.
 Tra. That's all one.
 Row. Along then, twenty pound more if thou darest.
 I giue her not a good word.
 Tra. Not a penny.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, Pedro.

Petru. Prethee entreate her come, I will not trouble her
about a word or two; ere I endure —

Exit Pedro

this life, and with a woman, and a woud one,
to all mischiefs she can lay upon me,
He goe to plough againe, and eate lecke porridge,
beggingst pleasure too't, not to be numbred,
no there be other countries, Jaques, for mee,
and other people, yea and other woemen,
if I haue neede; here's monie, theres your ware,
which is faire dealing; and the Sun they say
shines as warme there, as here; and till I haue lost
either my selfe or her, I care not whether,
nor which first

Jaques. Will your worship heare me?

Petru. And vnterly out worne the memorie
of such a curse as this; none of my nation
shall euer know me more.

Jaq. Out alas Sir, what a strange waye do you run.

Petru. Anie waye
so I outrun this rascall.

Jaq. Me think's now
if your good worship could but haue the patience

Petru. The patience, why the patience?

Jaq. Why, He tell you,
could you but haue the patience.

Petru. Well the patience

Jaq. To laugh at all she does, or when she railles
to haue a drum beaten oth' top oth' house,
to giue neighbours warning of her larum
as I doe when my wife rebells.

Petru. My

Petru. Thy wife?

thy wife's a piggon to hir, a meere slumber,
the dead of night's not stiller.

Jaq. Nor an Iron mill.

Petru. But thy wife is certaine.

Jaq. That's false doctrine
you neuer read yet of a certaine woman.

Petru. Thou knowest her way.

Jaq. I should doe I am sure

I haue ridden it night and day this 20 yere

Petru. But mine is such a drench of balldordash
such a strange carded cunningnes, the raine bow
when she hangs bent in heauen, sheds not hir colours
quicker and more then this deceitfull woman
waues in her dyes of wickednes. — What saies shee?

Enter Pedro

Pedro. Nay, not a word Sir, but she pointed to me
as though she meant to follow; pray Sir beare it
easie as you may, I need not to teach your worship,
the best man hath his crosses, wee are all mortall.

Petru. What ayles the fellow?

Pedro. And no doubt she may Sir.

Petru. What may shee, or what does shee, or what is shee?
speake and be hang'd

Pedro. Shee is mad Sir

Petru. Heauen continue it.

Ped. Amen if it be his pleasure.

Petru. How mad is shee?

Ped. As mad as hart can wish Sir she has drest her selfe
rauing your worships reuerence Iust itt cut
of one of those if multiply itt suburbs
for single monie, and as chauntily

if anie

if anie speak to her, first she whistles
and then begins her compass with her fingers
and points to what she would have.

Petru. What new way's this?

Pedro. There came in M^r. Sophocles.

Petru. And what did M^r. Sophocles when he came in?
gett my trunckes readie, He be gone straight.

Pedro. Hee's here to tell you.
shee's horne mad Jaques.

Sopho. Call ye this a woman?

Petru. Yes Sir shee's a woman.

Sopho. I doubt it.

Petru. I had thought you had made experience.

Sopho. yes I did so,
and almost with my life.

Petru. You ride to fast Sir.

Sopho. Pray be not you mistaken, by this light
your wife is chaste and honest as a virgin
for anie thing I know; 'tis true she gave me
a ring.

Petru. for rutting

Sopho. You are much deceived still

I sweare I neuer kist her since, and now
comming in visitation like a freind,
I thinke she is mad, Sir; suddenly she started,
and snatched y^e ringe away, and drew her knife out
to what intent I knew not.

Petru. Is this certaine?

Sopho. As I am here Sir.

Petru. I beleue ye honest. — Enter Maria.
and pray continue so.

Enter Sopho.

Soph. she

Sopho. She comes.

Petru. Now damzell
what will your beauty doe, if I forsake you?
doe you dialo by signes and tokens? as I ghesse then
you'll walke abroad this summer, and catch captaines,
or hire a peece of holy ground itt suburbs
and keepe a neast of nunnas.

Sopho. O doe not stirre her,
you see in what case she is.

Petru. She is dogged
and in a beastly case, I am sure, He make her,
if she haue anie tongue, yet tattle, Sophocles
prethee obserue this woman seriously
and eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me
(for thou hast vnderstanding in what case
my sence was when I chose this thing.

Sopho. He tell ye.
I haue seene a sweeter.

Petru. A hundred times cry oysters.
there's a poore begger wench about Black fryers
runs on her breech, may be an Emperesse to her.

Sopho. Nay now you are too bitter

Petru. Neuer a whit Sir,
He tell thee woman, for now I haue a day to see thee,
and all my wits about me, and He speake,
not out of passion neither (leauie your mumping)
I know y^e ar well enough, now would I giue
a million but to vex her, when I chose thee
to make a bedfellow; I tooke more trouble
then 20 termes can come to such a cause
of such a tittle, and so euerlasting

that

that Adams genealogie may be ended
ere his law find thee, I tooke a leprosie,
nay worse, the plague; nay worse yet, a possession,
and had the diuell with thee, if not more
and yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
had my reward, a Iade, to fling my fortunes
for who that had but reason to distinguish
the light from darknes, wine from water, hunger
from full satietie, and fox from ferne bush
that would haue married thee.

Sop. She is not so ill

Petru. She is worse then I dare thinke of, shee's so lewd
no court is strong enough to beare her cause,
she hath neither manners, honesty, behauiour,
wife-hood, nor man-hood, nor anie morall
can force me thinke she had a mother, no,
I doe beleue her stedfastly, and I know her
to be a woman wolfe by transmigration,
her first forme was a ferryts vnder ground,
she kills the memories of men; not yet?

Sop. Doe you thinke shee's vnstable of this?

Petru. I care not,

be what shee will, the pleasure I take in her
thus I blow of; the care I tooke to loue her
like this pointe I vntie, and thus I loose it,
the husband I am to her, thus I riner
my vanitie farewell; yet for you haue been
so neare me as to beare the name of wife,
my vnquencht charitie shall tell you thus much
(though you deserue it well) you shall not begge;
what I ordained your jointure, honestly

you shall

you shall haue settled on you, and halfe my house,
the other halfe shall be employed in prayers,
that meritorious charge I'll be at also,
yet to confirme ye a Christian, your apparell
and what belongs to build vp such a folly,
keepe I beseech ye, It infects our vices.
And now I am for trauell.

Maria. Now I loue ye
and now I see ye are a man; He talke to ye,
and I forgive your bitterness.

Sopho. How now man?

Petru. O Plinie, if thou wilt be euer famous
make but this woman all thy wounders!

Maria. Sure Sir
you haue hitt vpon a happie course, a blessed
and what will make you vertuous.

Petru. She'll ship me.

Mari. A way of vnderstanding I long wisht for,
and now tis come, take heed you fly not backe Sir,
me thinkes you looke a new man to mee now,
a man of excellence, and now I see
some great designe set in yo; you may thinke now
and so may most that know me, twere my part
weakely to weepe your losse, and to resist yee
may hang about your necke, and like a dotard
urge my strong tye vpon ye, but I loue ye,
and all the world shall know it, beyond woman
and more prefer the honor of your country
which chiefly you are borne for, and may perfect
the vices you may make of other nations,
the ripening of your knowledge, conuersation

The

The full ability and strenght of Iudgement,
then anie priuate loue, or wanton kisses,
goe worthy man and bring home vnderstanding.
Sopho. This were an excellent woman to breed schoolemen.

Mari. for if the marchant through vnkowne sea plow
to gett his wealth, then deare Sir what must you
to gather wisdom, goe and goe alone
only your noble mind for your companion;
and if a woman may win credit with you,
goe farr, too farr you cannot, still the farther
the more experience finds you; and goe sparing
one meale a weeke will serue you, and one suite
through all your trauels for youle find it certaine
the poorer and the baser ye appeare
the more you looke through still.

Petru. Does't heare her?

Sopho. Yes.

Petru. What would this woman doe if she were suffer'd
vpon a new religion?

Sopho. Make vs pagans.
I wouder that she writes not.

Mari. Then when time,
and fulnesse of occasion haue new made you,
and squar'd you from a sotte into a senior
or neerer from a jade into a courser,
come home an ag'd man as did Vlysses
and I your glad Penelope.

Petru. That must haue
as manie louers as Manguages,
and what she does with one in the daye, ith night
vndoe it with another.

Mari. much.

Mari. Much that way Sir,
for in your absence it must be my honor
to haue temptations, and no little ones
daylie and hourly offer'd me, and strongly;
that, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
almost beleuid against me, to sett off
the faith and loyalty of her that loues ye.

Petru. What should I doe?

Sopho. why, by my troth, I would trauell.
did you not meane so?

Petru. Alas nothing lesse, man!
I did it but to try her, shee's the diucll
and now I find it she driues me, I must go.
are my trunkes downe there? and my horses readie?

Mari. Sir, for your house, and if you please to trust me,
with those you leaue behind.

Petru. Bring downe the monie.

Mari. As I am able, and to my poore fortunes
I'll gouerne as a widdow; I shall long
to heare of your well doing and your profit;
and when I heare not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cataya,
those are the climats must make you.

Petru. How's the wind?
shee'll wish me out of the world anon.

Mari. for France
tis very faire, get ye abroad to night, Sir,
and loose no time, you know the tyde stayes no man.
I haue cold meates readie for you.

Petru. fare thee well,
thou hast fool'd me out a'th kingdome with a penance,

then

Thou canst fool me in againe.
Mari. Not I Sir,
 I loue you better, take your time and pleasure.
 I'll see you hor't.
Petru. I thinke thou would see me hang'd too
 were I but halfe as willing.
Mari. Anie thing
 that you thinke well of, I dare looke vpon.
Petru. You'l beare me to the lands end, Sophocles,
 and others & my freinds, I hope,
Mari. Nere doubt Sir,
 ye cannot want companions for your good.
 I am sure you'l kisse me ere I goe; I haue businesse
 and stay long here, I must not.
Petru. Gett thee going,
 for if thou tarriest but another dialogue
 I'll kicke thee to thy chamber.
Mari. fare you well, Sir,
 and beare your selfe, I doe beseech ye once more
 since you haue vnderaken, doing wisely,
 manly and worthily; 'tis for my credit;
 and for those flying fumes here of your follies,
 your gamboles, and ill breeding of your youth,
 (for which I vnderstand you take this trauell,
 nothing should make me leaue you else) I'll deale
 so like a wife, that loues your reputation
 and the most large addition of your credit
 that those shall dye; if ye want lemmon water
 or anie thing to take the edge of th' sea off,
 pray speake, and be prouided.
Petru. Now, the Diuell

That

That was your first good M^r. shewre his blessing
 open ye all, into whose custody
Mari. I doe commit your reformation
 and so I leaue you to your Stilo nouo. — *Exit.*
Petru. I will goe, yet I will not, once more Sophocles
 I'll put her to the test.
Sopho. You had better goe.
Petru. I will goe then; lett's seeke my father out
 and all my freinds to see me faire aboard:
 then women if there be a storme at sea
 worse then your tongues can make, and waues more broken
 then your dissembling faithes are, lett me feelee
 nothing but tempests, till they cracke my keele. — *Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scena j^{ma}.

Enter Petronius & Bianca.

Bian. Now whether I deserue that blame you gaue me
 lett all the world discern it Sir.
Petro. If this motion
 (I meane this faire repentance of my daughter)
 spring from your good persuation, as it seems so,
 I must confesse I haue spake too boldly of you,
 and I repent.
Bian. The first touch was her owne.
 taken, no doubt, from disobeying you,
 the second, I put to her, when I told her
 how good and gentle yet, with free contrition
 againe you might be purchast; Louing woman
 she heard me, and I thanke her, thought me worthy
 obseruing in this point; yet all my counsell,
 & comfort

Es comfort in this case could not so heale her,
 but griefe gott his share too; and she sickned.
 Petro. I am sorry shee's so ill, yet glad her sicknes
 has gott so good a ground. Enter Moroso.
 Bian. Here comes Moroso.
 Petro. O you are very welcome
 now you shall know your happinesse.
 Moro. I am glad on't,
 What makes this Lady here.
 Bian. A dish for you, Sir,
 you lo thanke me for hereafter.
 Petro. True, Moroso,
 goe gett you in, and see your M.^r
 Bian. She is sicke, Sir,
 but you may kisse her whole,
 Moro. How?
 Bian. Comfort her,
 Moro. Why am I sent for, Sir?
 Petro. Will you in and see,
 Bian. May be she needs confession.
 Moro. By S^t Mary,
 she shall have absolution then, and penance,
 but not about her carriage. — Enter Rowland & Francis.
 Will you in foole. — Exit Moroso.
 Bian. Here comes the other two.
 Petro. Now Francis;
 Goodden to you^{too}, and y^e are welcome.
 Rowl. Thanke you,
 Petro. I have a certain daughter.
 Rowl. Would you had, Sir;
 Petro. No doubt you know her well.

Rowl. No

Row. Nor neuer shall, Sir;
 shee is a woman, and the wayes into hir
 are like the finding of a certaine path
 after a deepe falne snow.
 Petro. Well that's by th' by still:
 this daughter that I tell you of is false
 a little crop sick with the dangerous surfeit
 shee tooke of your affection
 Row. Mine, Sir?
 Petro. I thinke it well you would see her,
 Row. If you please, Sir,
 I am not squeamish of my visitation.
 Petro. But thus I'll tell you, she's alter'd much,
 you'l find her now another Luina.
 Row. I had enough o' th' old, Sir.
 Petro. No more foole
 to looke gay babies in your eyes, young Rowland,
 and hang about you prettie neck.
 Row. I am glad on't
 and thanke my fates I haue escap'd such executions.
 Petro. And buse you, tell you blush againe.
 Row. That's hard, Sir,
 she must kisse shamefully ere I blush at it;
 I was neuer so boyish; well what followes?
 Petro. Shee's mine now as I please to settle her
 at my commande, and where I please to plant her,
 only she would take a kind farewell of ye,
 and giue you backe a wandering woe or two.
 you left in pawne; and two or 3 right oathes
 she lent you too, shee looks for.
 Rowl. She shall haue 'em,

with all

With all my heart. Sir and if you like it better
a free release in writing.
Petro. That's the matter,
and you from her shall have another. Rowland,
and then turne taylo to taylo; and peace be with you.
Rowl. Why see be it; 40^o 20. pounds sweate Franio.
Fran. Twill not undoe me Rowland, doe your worst.
Row. Come, shall we see her, Sir.
Bianc. What ere shee sayes you must beare manly.
for her sickness has made her somewhat peevish
Row. Lett her talke.
till her tongue wake, I care not, by this hand
thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
daintly mounted; now doe I feele a hundred
runningly directly from me, as I pist it.
Bian. Pray beare her softly, the least hurly, Sir,
puts her to much impatience.
Petro. How is't daughter?
Luia. O sick, very sick, yet somewhat better
because this good man has forgiven me;
pray set me higher, o my head.
Bian. Well done wench.
Luia. father, and all good people that shall heare me,
I have abus'd this man perintiously;
Was neuer old man humbled so,
I have scorned him and call'd him nasty names,
I have spitt at him,
flung candles ends in his beard, and call'd him harrow
that must be drawne to all he does, contemnd him
for me thought then he was a beastly fellow,
E gaue it out his carrock was a barge cloth

Enter Luia
sick carry'd in a chair
by seruants; Morio
by her.

paund

Paund to his predecessor by a sculler,
the man yet extant; I gaue him comfits
at a great Christmas once,
that spoild his chambratt breeches; and one night
I strew'd the staires with pease, as he past downe,
and the good gentleman, (woe worth me for't)
euen with this reuerent head, this head of wisdom,
told two and twenty staires, good and true,
mist not a step, and as wee say verbatim,
fell to the bottome, broke his casting bottle,
lost a faire toad stone of some 18 shillings;
I humbled his ioints together, had two stools,
and was translated, all this villanie
did I, I Luia, I alone, vntaught.

Moro. And I vnaskt forgioe it.
Luia. Where's Biancha?
Bian. Here Cousin.
Luia. Giue me drinke.
Bian. There.
Luia. Who's that?
Moro. Rowland.
Luia. O my dissembler, you and I must part;
come nearer, Sir,
Row. I am sorry for your sickness.
Luia. Be sorry for your selfe, Sir, you haue wrong'd me
but I forgioe ye, are the papers ready.
Bian. I haue 'em here; wilt please you view em?
Petro. Yes.
Luia. Shew 'em the youngman too. I know hee's willing
to shift his sayles to, 'tis for his more aduancement;
Alas! we might haue begg'd one another;

We are

We are young both, and a world of children
 might have been left behind to curse our follies;
 we had bene undone. Biancha had we married;
 undone for ever, I confesse I lov'd him,
 I care not who shall know it, most entirely,
 and once upon my conscience he lov'd me;
 but farewell that, we must be wiser cozen,
 love must not leave us to the world; have ye done?

Row. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

Livia. Pray stay ~~then~~ give me the papers,
 and lett me peruse them,
 and so much time as may afford a teare
 at our last parting.

Bian. Pray retire and leave her,
 He call you presently.

Petro. Come gentlemen, the shewre must fall.

Row. Would I had never scene her. — *Excunt all but Bianca & Livia.*

Bian. Thou hast done bravely wench

Livia. Pray heauen it proue so.

Bian. There are the other papers, when they come
 begin your first, and lett the rest subscribe
 hard by your side, give 'em as little light
 as drapers doe their wares.

Livia. Didst marke Moroso
 in what an agonie he was, and how he cryd most,
 when I abus'd him most.

Bian. That was but reason.

Livia. Oh! what a stinking theefe it is
 though I was but to counterfett, he made me
 directly sick indeed, Thames street to him
 is a meere pomander.

Bian. Lett him

Bian. Lett him be hang'd

Livia. Amen.

Bian. E'ritt you still
 and once more to our businesse,

Livia. Call 'em in,
 and if there be a powre that pitties lovers
 helpe now, and haue my prayers. —

Petro. Is she ready?

Bian. She has done her lamentations,
 pray goe to her.

Livia. Rowland come neare me, and before you seale
 give me your hand, take it againe, now kisse me,
 this is the last acquaintance we must haue,
 I wish you ever happie; there's the paper.

Row. Pray stay a little.

Petro. Lett me neuer liue more
 but I doe begin to pittie this young fellow.
 how hartly he weepes.

Bian. There's the Pen and inke, Sir.

Livia. Euen here, I pray you, 'tis a little Emblem
 how neere you haue been to me.

Row. There.

Bian. your hands too,
 as witnesses.

Petro. By anie meanes:
 to th' booke, sonne.

Moro. With all my heart.

Bian. You must deliuer it.

Row. There Livia, and a better loue light on thee,
 I can no more.

Bian. To this you must be witnesse too.

*Enter Petronius,
 Moroso, Rowland,
 Franio.*

Petro. We will

Petro. Wee will
 Bian. Do you deliuer it now.
 Luia. Pray sett me vp, —
 there, Rowland, all thy old loue back, and may
 a new to come exceed mine, and be happier.
 I must no more.
 Row. farewell.
 Luia. A long farewell. — *Exit Rowland.*
 Bian. Leane her by anie meanes, till this wild passion
 be off her head,
 a day hence you may see her; 'twill be better,
 she is now for little companie.
 Petro. Pray tend her.
 I must to horre straight, you must needs along too
 to see my Sonne aboard, were but his wife
 as fitt for pittie as this wench, I were happy.
 Bian. Time must doe that too, farewell, to morrow
 you shall receive a wife to quight your sorrow. — *Exeunt.*
Enter Jaques & Pedro; Porters with a trunk and hampers.
 Jaqu. Bring em away, Sirs.
 Pedro. Must the great trunk goe too?
 Jaq. Yes, and the hampers, nay be speedie masters,
 hee'l be at sea before vs else.
 Pedro. O Jaques
 what a most blessed turne hast thou
 Jaq. I hope so.
 Pedro. To haue the sea betweene thee and this woman,
 nothing can drowne her tongue but a storme.
 Jaqu. By your leane,
 wee le get vs vp to Paris with all speed,

for on

for on my word as far as Amiens
 shee'l cary blanch, away to Lyon key,
 and ship them presently: weel follow ye.
 Pedro. Now could I wish her in that trunk.
 Jaq. Heauen shield man:
 I had rather haue a beare on't.
 Pedro. Yrs. He tell thee
 for in the passage if a tempest take you,
 as manie doe, and you ly beating for it,
 then if it pleads the fates, I would haue the Master
 out of a carefull prouidence, to cry
 lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish,
 then this for one as best spared should by all means
 ouer bord instantly.
 Jaques. A that condition
 so we were certaine to be rid of her,
 I woud wish her with vs, but beleeue ^{me} Pedro
 shee woud spoile the fishing on this coast for euer,
 for none would keepe her companie but dog fish
 as currish as her selfe, or perpsices
 made to all fatall wres: the 2 fish streets
 were shee but once arriuid among the whittings
 would sing a woofull Miserere, Pedro,
 and mourne in poore John, till her memory
 were cast a shore againe with a strong sea breach
 she woud make god Neptune and his fire forke,
 and all his demigods and goddesses
 as weary of the flemish channell, Pedro.
 as euer boy was of the schoole, 'tis certaine
 if shee but meete him faire, and were well ang'd
 she woud breake his God-head.

Pedro. A hir

Pedro. O her tongue!
Jag. rather her manie tongues,
Pedr. Or rather strange tongues.
Jagu. Her lying tongue,
Ped. Her lipping tongue,
Jag. Her long tongue,
Ped. Her lawlesse tongue,
Jag. Her lowd tongue,
Ped. and her lickerish,
Jag. manie more tongues, and manie stranger tongues,
then euer Babel had to tell his ruins.

Enter Sopho.
Sopha. Home with your stuffe againe, the journey's ended.

Jag. What does your worship meane?

Sopha. Your master o Petruchio, o poore fellows.

Pedr. O Iagues, Iagues.

Sopha. Oh! your Master's dead,
his body coming back, his wife, his diuell,
the griefe of her.

Jag. Has killd him

Sopha. Killd him, killd him

Pedro Is there no law to hang her,

Sopha. Gett you in
and lett her know her misery. I dare not
for feare impatience raze me see her more,
I must away againe, bid her for wife-hood
for honesty, if she haue anie in her
eun to auoid the shame that follows her
cry if she can, your weeping can not mend it
the body will be here within this houre; so tell her,
and all her freinds to curse her. farewell fellows. — Exit.

Pedr. O

Ped. O Iagues Iagues.

Jag. O my worthy Master,

Ped. O my most beastly Mistris, hang her.

Jag. Splitt her,

Ped. Drawne her directly

Jag. Starue her.

Ped. Sinke vpon her.

Jag. Stone her to death; may all she eate be eggs,
till she run kicking mad for me.

Ped. And he, that man that giues her remedy, pray heauen
he may ene ipso facto loose his findings.

Jag. Lets goe discharge our selues, and he that serues her
or speaks a good word of her from this houre,
a reagly curse light on him, which is Pedro:
the fiend ride through him booted and spurd,
with a sythe at's backe.

Enter Rowland, Franio stealing behind him.

Row. What a dull asse was I to lett her goe thus,
Vpon my life she loues me still; well paper
thou only monument of what I haue had,
thou all the loue now left me, and now lost,
lett me yet kisse her hand, yet take my leaue
of what I must leaue euer: farewell Livia —
Oh! bitter words, He reade ye once again
and then for euer study to forgett ye, —
How's this? lett me looke better on't — a contract!
I sweare a contract, scald and ratifide,
her fatherr hand sett to it, and Morroses,
I doe not dreame sure; lett me reade againe —
the same still; 'tis a contract.

'Tis so

Fra. 'Tis so Rowland,
 and by the vertue of the same, you pay me
 a hundred pound to morrow.
 Row. Art sure Franio
 we are both alive now?
 Fra. Wonder not, you haue lost.
 Row. If this be true, I graunt it.
 Fra. 'Tis most certaine
 there's a ring for you too; you know it.
 Row. Yes.
 Fra. When shall I haue my monie.
 Row. Stay, stay,
 when shall I marrie her.
 Fra. To night
 Row. Take heed now
 you doe not trifle with me; if you doe
 youle find more payment then your monie comes to.
 Come sweare, I know I am a man, and finde
 I may deceiue my selfe, sweare faithfully
 sweare me directly, am I Rowland?
 Fran. Yes.
 Row. Am I awake?
 Fra. you are,
 Row. Am I in health?
 Fra. As far as I conceaue.
 Row. Was I with Liuia?
 Fra. You were, and had this contract
 Row. E' shall I enjoy her?
 Fra. Yes if you dare.
 Row. Sweare to all this.
 Fran. I will.

Row. As thou

Row. As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,
 as that may wring the if thou ly'st; all theis
 to be no vision, but a truth, and serious
 Fra. Then by my honesty, and faith, and conscience
 all this is certaine.
 Row. Let's remove our places,
 sweare it againe.
 Fra. I sweare 'tis true.
 Row. I haue lost then, and heauen knowes I am glad on't;
 Let's goe, and tell me all, and tell me how,
 for yet I am a pagan in it.
 Fra. I haue a priest too
 and all shall come as euen as two testers.

Exeunt.

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moros.

Petruchio in a Coffin, carried by Seruants.

Petro. Set downe the body, and one call her out —
 you are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes
 there lyes your husband; there, your louing husband;
 there he that was Petruchio, too good for ye;
 your stubborne and vnworthy way has kill'd him
 ere he could reach the sea; if you can weepe
 now you haue cause, begin, and after death
 doe something yet to th world to thinke ye honest,
 so manie teares had sauid him, shed in time,
 and as they are, (so a good minde goe with 'em)
 yet they may moue compassion.

Mari. Pray you all heare me,
 and Iudge me as I am, not as you couet
 for that would make me yet more miserable.
 'Tis true, I haue cause to griene, a mighty cause.

E' truly

Enter Maria
in black, Iagues, Pedro.

Soph. And truly and unfainedly I weep it.
Mari. I see there's some good nature yet left in her.
Mari. But what's the cause, mistake me not, not this man
as he is dead I weep for, heaven defend it,
I neuer was so childish, but his life
his poore vnamanly wretched-foolish life
Is that my full eyes, pittie, there's my mourning.

Petru. Dost thou not shame?

Mari. I doe, and euen to water,
to thinke what this man was, to thinke how simple
how farr below a man, how farr from reason,
from common vnderstanding, and all gentry
while he was liuing here he walkt amongst vs,
he had a happie turne he dyed: I'll tell ye
these are the wants I weep for, not his person;
the memorie of this man had he liu'd
but 2 yeares longer, had he gott more follies
then wealthy Autum flyes: but lett him rest
he was a foole, and farewell he, not pittied
I meane in way of life, or action,
by anie vnderstanding man, that's honest
but only in's posterity, which I
out of the feare his ruins might outline him
in some bad issue, like a carefull woman,
like one indeed borne only to preserue him,
denied him meanes to raise.

Petru. Unbutton me.

I proue I dye indeed else, — O Maria
oh my unhappines, my miserie.

Petru. Goe to him whore, I sweare if he perish
I'll see thee hangd my selfe.

Petruchio rises out
of coffin.

why, why

Petru. Why, why, Maria.

Mari. I haue done my worst, and haue my end, forgine me,
from this houre make me what you please, I haue tam'd ye
and now am voidd your seruant, looke not strangely,
nor feare what I say to you, dare you kisse me,
thus I begin my new loue.

Petru. Once againe.

Mari. With all my heart, sir.

Petru. Once againe Maria —

O gentlemen I know not where I am.

Sopho. Gett you to bed then, there you'll quickly know, Sir.

Petru. Neuer no more your old tricks.

Mari. Neuer Sir

Petru. you shall not neede, for as I haue a faith
no cause shall giue occasion.

Mari. As I am honest,

and as I am a mayde yet all my life,
from this houre, since you make so free profession
I dedicate in seruice to your pleasure.

Sopho. I marry this goes roundly of.

Petru. Goe Iagues

gett all the best meat may be bought for monie,
and lett the hogsheds blood. I am borne againe:
well little England when I see a husband
of anie other nation, sterne or jealous
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding
and if he haue not butter to his bread
till his teeth bleed. I'll neuer trust my trauell.

Enter Rowland, Luia, Biancha, Franio, as from marriage,

Petru. What haue wee here?

another

Row. Another Morris, Sir,
that you must pipe too.
Fra. A poore married couple
desire an offering, Sir.
Bian. Neuer frowne at it,
you cannot mend it now, there's your owne hand,
and yours Moroso to confirme the bargaine.
Petro. My hand,
Moro. Or mine
Bian. You'll find it soe.
Petro. A trick, I sweare, a trick,
Bian. Yes Sir, we trickt ye.
Luia. father.
Petro. Hast thou lyen with him, sprake?
Luia. Yes truly, Sir.
Petro. And hast thou done the deed boy?
Row. I haue done, Sir,
that that will serue the turne, I thinke
Petro. A match then,
He' be the maker up of this Moroso
there's now no remedie you see, be willing,
for be or be not, he must haue y^e wench
Moro. Since I am ouer reach'd lets in to dinner
and if I can, He' drink't away.
Fra. That's well said
Petro. Well Sirrha, ye haue plaid a trick, looke too't,
and lett me be a grand sire within's twelue month
or by this hand He' curtaile halfe your fortunes.
Row. There shall not want my labour, Sir; your monie
here's one has vndertaken.
Fra. Well, He' trust her.

And glad I haue so good a pawne.
Row. He watch ye.
Petro. Lets in, and drinke of all hands and be Iouiall
I haue my colt againe, and now she carries,
and gentlemen, who euer marries next
Lett him be sure he keepe him to his text.

Exeunt.

Finis.

and

J.b.3

This play, Beaumont and Fletcher's Womans Prize was, before being bound separately, the third of seven plays in the Lambarde collection.

For a detailed description of the old volume in which the Lambarde plays were bound, its contents, and the arrangement in it of plays and fragments, see MS. I.b.1, The Inconstant Lady.

2 March 1956

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